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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

SIR SAMUEL HOARE'S speech has had no perceptible effect on the Abyssinian affair. The Duce goes on nailing his colours to the mast, and then nailing them again. His transports file daily through the Suez Canal and it is announced that he will himself soon fly to the scene of action. Several semi-official Italian statements have appeared during the week repudiating in the most violent language the right of Ethiopia to rank as a State with which one negotiates, or of the League or any Power to intervene between Italy and her victim. Italy, as Signor Gayda, the ablest of her "inspired" writers puts it, can be satisfied with nothing short of complete "mastery" over Abyssinia. Meanwhile, it seems that for some considerable time past the supply of munitions to Abyssinia has been cut off. The French railway at Djibouti refuses to carry them. Belgium has forbidden delivery of a partly completed order and Czechoslovakia is now joining in the general boycott. The British Government postpones its decision on two applications for licences to export. All this amounts in effect to an intervention on behalf of the aggressor. It is probable that the League's Council will meet, in consequence of Italy's sabotage of the attempt at arbitration, on or soon after July 25th, but no hopeful suggestion for this meeting comes from any quarter.

Rewards for Aggression

There is even some risk that the League's Council may consider a peculiarly treacherous proposal. The French Government, now virtually the military ally of Italy, was favourably impressed, it seems, by Sir Samuel Hoare's admission that Italy is entitled to economic expansion. Then why not confer upon her, it is asked in Paris, such a mandate as Great Britain enjoyed in Iraq? There is no parallel whatever. British arms won for Arab nationalism in Iraq the possibility of a separate existence. Italy brings no such gift to one of the most ancient independent kingdoms on this earth. The Covenant lays it down that the preference of the population concerned shall be "a principal consideration" in assigning mandates of this kind. Does anyone suppose that the Ethiopians would choose Italy to be their tutor? But by what right could the League bring Abyssinia under the mandate system at all? The League is pledged to respect not only the independence but the equal rights of all its members. If the Ethiopian Government needs foreign help in its task of building up its civilisation, Geneva may assist Addis Ababa, as it assisted Nanking, but only when its aid is sought. This scandalous "compromise," as it is called, would not even have the merit of preserving peace, for it is certain that the Abyssinians would defend their national existence, even if the League were to betray them. And the effects of the war and the betrayal would be startling both in Europe and in various parts of Africa, where the blacks are no longer without information or

even the rudiments of organisation. To coloured people, everywhere, the war would seem a concerted attack of white against black, and the League would show itself merely as a cabal of white gangster Powers.

Hazards in Austria

By a narrow chance Chancellor Schuschnigg has escaped death in a mysterious motoring accident only to see his wife killed before his eyes. Though he has recovered from the terrible shock of this accident and loss sufficiently to return to his bureau, it is as yet uncertain how far he will be able again to take personal control of the Dictatorship. Power has fallen in the interval to his second-in-command, Prince von Starhemberg, the chief of the already dominant Heimwehr. This young man is distinguished only by his historic name, his debts, his violence and his instability. He opened his political career as an enthusiastic Nazi: he is now the tool of Italian Fascism. Can anyone predict what he will become if his patron should suffer a reverse in Africa? It is intelligible that some Austrians, under such masters, should turn in desperation to the thought of a Hapsburg restoration. The formal rescinding of the law that banished the Imperial family is a cautious opening move, but rumour has it that Mussolini's objections to a restoration may be no longer insuperable. From Prague, however, at this challenge, came the usual threat, that a restoration would be treated by the Little Entente as a *casus belli*.

National Economy à la Banque de France

M. Laval's Government has been thorough according to its lights, which seem to be not very different from the lights of the Banque and the Bourse. Refusing to devalue the franc, it has preferred a policy of drastic national and local "cuts." All public wages and salaries except the very smallest are to be cut by 10 per cent., and even the smallest by 5 per cent. Every section, except the unemployed—whose allowances are already incredibly low—is to share in the pruning. State rentiers are to sacrifice 10 per cent. of their interest—in other words, a forced conversion of existing debts. Special taxes are to be levied on the huge profits of the armaments industry, and there is to be a surtax on all incomes over 80,000 francs, as well as the inevitable provision against tax evasion. In conjunction with these "economies," the Government is making a desperate attempt to reduce prices in order to stave off social discontent. Rents, and the prices of gas, water, coal and bread are to be compulsorily brought down, and there is to be a campaign designed to bring about a general fall in the price of living. In short, this is the most thorough-going programme of deflation up to date. Naturally the Left, which mostly favours devaluation, is up in arms. The workers are especially hostile, for the cuts in State wages are obviously designed to be followed by general reductions in working-class incomes, and they are naturally sceptical of the Government's power to restore their previous real income by effecting a fall in prices. The new decrees are clearly France's last attempt to save the franc by deflation instead of devaluation. Even if they are fully carried out, which is by no means certain, we very much doubt whether they can achieve the hoped-for result of bringing the franc back into equilibrium with other currencies.

The Legion in Berlin

With one aspect, perhaps the chief aspect, of the visit to Germany of the British Legion's delegation all of us sympathise. That men who came out alive from the British trenches should lay a wreath on the monument to the German dead, was a fine and chivalrous act. Our only regret is that it was not done long years ago, while Germany was still a pacific Republic. It is paradoxical that British regret for gallant Germans who died in Flanders should quicken only when the wings of German bombing planes are again audible over Europe. The other aspect of this visit was less happily inspired. Inevitably it became a fraternisation with the Nazi Dictatorship and only with it. The British Legion laid no wreath on the graves of the friends of freedom whom the Nazis murdered in their camps and prisons, though most of these also were ex-soldiers. One detail in the Legion's programme amounts to a flamboyant act of partisanship. Its delegation will lay a wreath on the grave of the men who fell in the inglorious Nazi *putsch* at Munich, when Hitler and Ludendorff made their first abortive bid for power. As if to remind their admirers in this country with what it is they fraternise, some Nazi Storm-troops in uniform chose the evening of the Legion's visit for an orgy of Jew-baiting in the central streets of Berlin.

The A.A.A. in Danger

Now that the American Courts have started on the New Deal there is no saying where they will stop. Apart from the American Federation of Labour, not very many people minded greatly about the passing of the N.R.A.; but it will be quite another matter if the Agricultural Adjustment Act follows it into disapproval by the Supreme Court. This has not yet happened; but the Federal Circuit Court at Boston has now declared the processing taxes levied under the A.A.A. to be unconstitutional, and if the Supreme Court upholds the decision when it meets again in October, there will be a very pretty mess. Simultaneously, a second Circuit Court at Cincinnati has disallowed the taking of land for slum-clearance and subsidised housing; but this decision, important as it is in itself, is overshadowed by the threat to the A.A.A. About £180,000,000 has already been collected in the form of processing taxes levied on the first "processors" of agricultural produce, and this sum has provided the main part of the subsidies paid over to farmers under the New Deal. The processors, of course, have in the main passed the taxes on towards the consumers; and if they are now enabled to recover the money, they stand to gain a huge windfall profit, whereas the President will presumably have to subsidise the farmers out of the yield of general taxation or out of borrowed money. If the Circuit Court's ruling is upheld by the Supreme Court, the President will have no alternative but to seek an amendment of the Constitution; and he will be able to fight on far stronger ground than in the case of the N.R.A. because he will have the assured support of the agricultural States as well as of the industrial workers.

The Orange Runs Amok

More than the usual political significance underlies the rioting which has developed in Belfast from the annual

celebrations on July 12th of the Battle of the Boyne—better known in Northern Ireland as "The Glorious Twelfth." The newspaper reports which have reached England tell us only of the street fighting, the rioting, the looting, the burning-out of a dozen Catholic homes, the deaths of five persons and the wounding of well over a hundred; the use of rifles, revolvers and machine-guns by the police, and finally the calling out of the military, who are patrolling the streets with fixed bayonets and steel helmets, returning the desultory fire of the snipers who lie hidden in the network of poverty-stricken slum streets off the York Street area. The "civil and religious liberty" of which every Orange-Unionist speaker boasts, is at last seen to be purely bogus. The Northern Ireland Government furnished itself with autocratic powers by the Civil Authorities (Special Powers) Acts, 1922 and 1933. Under those Acts—now a permanent part of Northern Ireland law—many important principles of British law are abrogated. *Habeas Corpus* no longer runs. A person arrested on suspicion only may be kept in prison or in an internment camp *for any length of time* without a trial, and hundreds of persons, charged with no crime and vigorously asserting their complete innocence, have been laid by the heels in this way by their political opponents. But when it comes to Orange riots the police apparently fear to enforce their authority. Perhaps they have not forgotten the trouble made by Unionist M.P.s and others on a previous occasion when they dared to use disciplinary measures against Orangemen. We hope to examine this situation more fully in the near future.

Desperate Areas

Mr. Stewart's remarkable report shows that while the Government has been taking credit for the work of its Commissioner in the "special" areas it has really cramped and fettered his work at every turn. He recommends for these areas just those remedies which Mr. Lloyd George and the Labour Party and all progressive people have long urged as their only chance of salvation. To give particular point to his report comes the agitation in S. Wales about the news that Messrs. Thomas, the leading manufacturers of tinplates, are setting up new works in England. The tinplate trade is one of Wales's most important industries after coal, and one that has hitherto been almost wholly concentrated in the Principality. The move is not in itself at all surprising. The new works at Corby in Northamptonshire, and probably before long other new factories in Lincolnshire, are going to be the chief producers of raw steel of the cheaper grades. The tinplate trade is a finishing trade which needs large supplies of cheap, low-quality steel. These supplies used to be imported chiefly from Belgium, but now the tariff keeps them out. Driven to costlier domestic supplies, the tinplate manufacturers cannot afford to spend more than they must on intermediate transport costs. They will tend to migrate towards their chief materials; and that will tend to remove the trade out of South Wales to an area where supplies of low-grade ore are readily accessible. This, however, so far from condoning the policy of leaving South Wales to its fate, reinforces the case for developing there those branches of industry for which the area is suitable. It strengthens the argument in favour of regional as well as industrial planning, and emphasises the hopelessness of a policy which condemns large populations in South Wales to rot away without a hope of re-employment or of effective central help in developing new industries to take the place of those that are declining or moving elsewhere for sound economic reasons.

West Toxteth

Labour won West Toxteth by what looks like a handsome majority—5,343 as against a Conservative majority of 5,635 in 1931, and as compared with a Labour majority of 3,679 in 1929. But far more significant than the size of the Labour majority is that of the total vote. On this occasion only just over half of the electorate voted; and Mr. Gibbins actually polled fewer votes than when he was heavily beaten in 1931. The Conservatives got 20,613 votes in 1931, and only 9,565 this week; so that more than half the "National" supporters have melted away in less than four years. Doubtless, Liverpool is a queer electoral area, and West Toxteth a queer constituency, with a big Irish vote and large Catholic and Protestant factions which are apt to call a plague on both political houses. The nature of the constituency partly, but not by any means wholly, accounts for the smallness of the poll. There has been a common impression since the withdrawal of the obnoxious Unemployment Regulations that the "National" Government's electoral stock has gone up. West Toxteth makes one doubt this. Certainly the Labour Party's stock is not very high; but may not the Government have suffered even more by a change which has made its completely Conservative character visible even to the most politically uneducated electors? It is at any rate plausible to suggest that on this occasion not only Irishmen and some Liberals, but also backwoodsmen who can be rallied by the cry of "National," preferred to stop at home.

The Marriage Ban

No one has ever advanced a good reason for regarding marriage as a disqualification for a woman teacher or doctor, and there is a good deal of evidence that married women are particularly good at both jobs. We congratulate the L.C.C. on rescinding the rule not to employ married women, and we hope that other local authorities all over the country will follow its lead. The ban has been founded mainly on prejudice; and where the right principle has been understood and accepted complications that arise in special cases have not proved difficult to handle. Marriage in itself is entirely the woman's own business; it only becomes anyone else's business if it leads to her being unable to do her job properly. If she makes a profession of her marriage, has children or for other reasons needs unusual periods of absence that, of course, is the concern of the education authorities. It may be difficult for a headmistress, for instance, to combine the two professions. But in general, where marriage is not a ban, it has been found that women teachers and doctors gain in efficiency and in understanding as a result of marriage, and that in the case of an experienced married teacher or doctor it is both easy and worth while to arrange for temporary substitutes to take her place if she needs special leave of absence.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE—PRO AND CON

HAVING urged strongly for years past the need for a frontal attack on unemployment, we are naturally in sympathy with this essential feature of Mr. Lloyd George's proposed "New Deal." Even from the capitalist point of view recovery cannot be left to take care of itself, with no other stimulus than cheap money, and from every point of view it is far better to pay men for useful work than for doing nothing. We agree too that the financing of an extensive development policy by means of a big loan would in the long run cost the Exchequer nothing: the added expenditure would be more than repaid by the increased yield of taxation and the saving on "doles" to the unemployed. So far, our agreement with Mr. Lloyd George is complete and cordial.

We agree, too, with the majority of the specific proposals which Mr. Lloyd George sponsors. Naturally so; they are the very proposals that we and plenty of other people have been urging continuously for a good many years. They are mostly the proposals that Mr. Lloyd George and the Labour Party were urging in unison, but somehow out of tune, in 1929, and for some time before that. They are the things Mr. MacDonald's Government of 1929 should have done, and failed to do; the things Mr. Lansbury and Sir Oswald Mosley urged in a certain once-famous "Memorandum," the things the Labour Party has urged in one programme after another. They are such matters as the further development of electrical supply to cover the whole country, railway electrification and the unification of transport services under co-ordinated public control, a nationally and regionally planned policy of housing and industrial development, reorganisation under public auspices of the iron and steel, coal, and cotton industries, the raising of the school-leaving age, and so on through the whole list of evidently desirable and useful projects which have become the common stock of all politicians whose views lie somewhere between reactionary individualism on the one side and revolutionary Socialism, as distinct from constitutional Socialism, on the other.

But that is not the whole story; for to these proposals Mr. Lloyd George has advanced others on which there will by no means be the same measure of consent. It is odd to find that the former leader of the great Free Trade party has gone over, not merely to Protectionism, but to the cruder sort of Economic Nationalism. No Government in Great Britain to-day could possibly go back to Free Trade. That is beyond dispute. But Mr. Lloyd George proposes to settle half a million additional agricultural workers on the land, *plus* another half-million in auxiliary rural occupations—and all this in face of the certainty that the improved economic utilisation of land is calculated to reduce the amount of labour employed in producing a given quantity of output at least as much as the amount of industrial labour is being reduced by mechanisation.

Does Mr. Lloyd George really suppose that we can at the same time expand our exports, as he suggests, and impose further drastic restrictions on our imports of agricultural produce? In face of our falling birth-rate, the Dominions and the Argentine have a difficult enough time ahead of them in getting rid of their agricultural surpluses, and thus acquiring the means of buying our exports, without our putting fresh obstacles in their way by a huge scheme of agricultural expansion. We can see a case, first, for coming to the help of agriculture in order to prevent it from being actually contracted under the influence of temporary adversity—that is, of aiding it to maintain during the depression a level of output which it can hope to retain afterwards without special help. We can see a case, further, for expanding agriculture of those more specialised sorts in which the home producer has a quality advantage as long as we succeed in raising our domestic standard of living and thereby providing an additional market for high-quality agricultural goods. But to propose, under present conditions, to settle a million, or half a million, additional workers in the rural areas is simply fantastic.

Our second main criticism of Mr. Lloyd George's proposals is one of machinery. He proposes a National Development Board to draw up his plan for the consideration of the Cabinet, its execution being thereafter entrusted to a number of bodies, either *ad hoc* agencies or the existing Government departments. So far we agree. But Mr. Lloyd George's board is to consist of "impartial" persons, "drawn from industry, commerce, finance, workers and consumers," and it is not to change its complexion with any change of Government. It is to be above politics, giving "non-party" advice to whatever Government the electors have placed in power.

This project is surely unworkable. An "impartial" body, so composed as to represent a number of cancelling partialities, is likely to be as futile as Mr. MacDonald's famous Economic Advisory Council. It could never be expected to agree, or to produce a logical or workable programme. Moreover, the existence of a non-political board immune from party influence would in practice result in a hopeless clash of policies. The Government would have its plans and programmes, on the basis of which it would have been returned to power. It would require its own advisers to help it in working out these plans. But, under Mr. Lloyd George's scheme, if it worked at all, the Government would find itself faced with another set of plans, drawn up on a quite different basis, by men who were not necessarily at all in agreement with its general policy or outlook. We agree that there should be a Development Board; but it ought to be clearly subordinate to the Government in office, and to consist not of representatives drawn from industry, finance, etc., but of persons who could be relied upon to draw up plans in full accordance with the Government's economic programme.

There is, underlying these differences, a further-reaching divergence. Mr. Lloyd George wants to plan for an enduring order of Capitalist Economic Nationalism, administered by "impartial persons of competence" in such a way as to transcend party antagonisms and, far beyond this, to sweep the whole idea of Socialism into the limbo of forgotten causes. He believes that, if he can get people back to work under Capitalism, they will stop wanting to abolish Capitalism, so that the Socialist "menace" will cease to exist. He is harking back to the good old days of 1906 and 1910, when no one really took Socialism seriously. Mr. Lloyd George has never been able to see why we cannot have back those happy times, when there were real capitalist hen-roosts

to rob and no real fear of the hens ceasing to lay the golden eggs.

But . . . can we, after such a fashion, set the clock back, even by substituting " impartial persons of competence " for the once-great Liberal Party? Is there really nothing wrong with capitalism except the incompetence of its administration by the Conservatives? Is the world crisis really no more than a temporary disease that can be cured by doses of Economic Nationalism and Public Works? We do not think so. Many of Mr. Lloyd George's projects would help to lessen depression, and some even to lay foundations for a better social economic order. But we do not believe Mr. Lloyd George or anyone else can really have the best of all the worlds—greatly expanded home agriculture *plus* greatly expanded foreign trade, parliamentary control of economic policy *plus* its direction by impartial persons of competence, maintenance of capitalism and private enterprise *plus* extensive borrowings from the Socialist repertory of control. Mr. Lloyd George wants to have everything both ways; and in trying to reconcile opposites he ruins the effect of the thoroughly sound and rational, but essentially limited, proposals which he advances for putting far more of the unemployed to work on useful public projects instead of continuing to maintain them indefinitely in idleness at a thoroughly unsatisfactory and even demoralising standard of beggary.

QUATORZE JUILLET

THE 14th of July was not, after all, as unlike René Clair's 14 *juillet* as some of our expert observers seem to have imagined. " 100,000 Troops Guard Paris To-day—600 Airplanes to fly over the Rival Demonstrating Armies—Paris Waits in Tension—Paris To-day is a Field of Battle." Thus wrote the *Sunday Express*. In fact, the 600 aeroplanes, whose flight over Paris in the morning formed part of the traditional Fête Nationale parade, had nothing to do with the " rival Armies " whose " demonstrating " took place about 5 or 6 hours later!

The demonstrations of the " two rival armies " did not, in fact, change the real character of July 14th. They were in the nature of an interlude—and not even a very grim one. The huge anti-Fascist procession from the Bastille to the Nation was full of good humour; and even the Croix de Feu procession—a much smaller affair—in the Champs Elysées did not look very sinister. It may be just as well that there were several miles between them—not that the East made any attempt to meet the West, or the West the East. And after the two processions were over, everybody returned to his usual July 14th amusements. We have impressive statistics about the number of people in the Bastille and in the Champs Elysées; but we have none on the number of people who crowded along the Seine to see the fireworks at night, or who danced at the corner cafés throughout Paris in the light of Chinese lanterns, or who got drunk or made love in honour of Liberty between Sunday night and Monday morning. They must have been more numerous than the 20,000 Croix de Feu or even the 300,000 Front Commun people.

Civil war is, no doubt, waged by a minority, and not by the majority of the nation. But civil war requires a certain atmosphere of general tension—and this was completely absent, at least on July 14th. What may be in store next winter, when the present holiday mood is over, is a different question, and at present one can do no more than examine the principal elements of the situation.

The Laval Government, with its semi-dictatorial financial powers, will probably remain in office at least until November when the Chamber reassembles. It may then be thrown out by the Left Wing of the Radicals—though (for reasons which will later be explained) this is not quite certain. Although Laval has balanced the budget at least on paper (and it is only fair to say that his economy proposals include some features not in any of the earlier deflationary measures), his dependence on the Banks remains complete. In reply to those who have proclaimed the Bank of France to be the New Bastille which must be captured, M. Herriot, M. Laval's Radical Minister of State, recently declared: " We cannot declare war on the creditors of whom we stand in need every day and every hour." Which means that, in financial matters, the Laval Government will continue to muddle along, looking to the magnates on the Regency Council of the Bank of France for whatever help it may need. So the capture of the " financial Bastille " is still in the more or less distant future.

In dealing with the Fascist menace Laval has—verbally at any rate—taken a strong line. He declared that he " owed everything to the Republic," which he would defend, and said that he would not tolerate any " mobilisation practices " for the Croix de Feu, or other provocations of the same order. Any Croix de Feu aeroplanes that attempted to fly over the Red suburbs on July 14th would be chased down. Although the Croix de Feu have, to some extent, disregarded Laval's warning, they did not go to the length of flying their aeroplanes on July 14th. Actually, they must have been sufficiently impressed by the great army and airforce display that morning not to take any such risks; and however much they may have yelled " Vive l'Armée " and " Vive l'aviation " in the Champs Elysées, they must have had the uncomfortable feeling that the government of the Republic still had full control over the army and airforce, even in spite of the Fascist sympathies of General Denain, the Minister of Air.

At the moment the Croix de Feu are in a state of considerable confusion. I wrote in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION some time ago about the rue Feydeau affair—in which a number of Fascist extremists in the Croix de Feu movement, tired of Colonel de la Rocque's indecision, resorted to " direct action " by raiding the Socialist headquarters in Paris. The quarrel between La Rocque and his extremist followers that ensued was never fully patched up, and last week it broke out again.

It cannot be denied that La Rocque is, in a military sense, a first-rate organiser. Though not a great demagogue, he has also exploited, with considerable ability, first, the " mystique d'ancien combattant " (" we are the men who saved France," etc.) and then, that anti-democratic feeling which undoubtedly exists, especially at certain periods, among the French upper-middle class. Thousands of well-dressed and well-washed young men have been joining in the past year the Volontaires Nationaux, the junior organisation controlled by La Rocque. The two organisations have now between 250,000 and 300,000 members, of whom 50,000 are in Paris. Action Française, Jeunesse Patriote, Solidarité Française, and the rest have been eclipsed by the Croix de Feu. Only, as distinct from the Nazis, the Croix de Feu are essentially an upper-middle class crowd, with no real backing in the country, and so unlikely is an election victory of the Croix de Feu, that the question of their taking power " legally " has simply never arisen. They have never yet run a candidate in an election. Instead, they have been playing with the idea of a *coup d'état*, presumably with the help of the Army, and under the pressure of his extremist followers La Rocque clearly hinted, in his speech last Sunday, at such a Putsch. The next day, however, scared of his own boldness, he climbed down in an interview published by *Excelsior*. Two days later Bertrand de Maud'huy and nine other leaders of the Volontaires Nationaux resigned. Their reasons for doing so were rather complex. Chief among them was probably La Rocque's climb-down; but there were others. Men like Maud'huy are candid and outspoken Fascists; and, like many Fascist beginners, they have advanced economic ideas. Corporatism, planned economy, and all that, hold a large place in their box of tricks. Like Hitler in his early days, they call themselves anti-capitalists. They seem to have

rebelled against the close association existing between La Rocque and certain industrial and financial magnates; and against the idea that the Croix de Feu was a mercenary army in the service of Big Capital. Further, they also seem to have rebelled against La Rocque's "Führer principle," which, according to them, was not sufficiently democratic (these young Fascists are all great democrats), and it is also whispered that they suspected La Rocque (whose brother is the A.D.C. of the Count of Paris, the Royal pretender) of being merely a monarchist in disguise. The Croix de Feu headquarters have tried to minimise the importance of the "Left Wing rebellion" by declaring that Maud'huy was merely a "propaganda orator"; but actually Maud'huy was one of the live wires in the movement, and one of the few men who created the illusion that the Croix de Feu stood for new and progressive ideas. Without the Left-Wingers the Croix de Feu is little more than an opportunist military body run by an anti-parliamentary war lord with the mind of a military dictator rather than of a Fascist chief. On Sunday, in spite of the loud cheering from thousands of young West-End women in pretty summer frocks (how very like Germany!) the Croix de Feu procession was a rather dismal affair, and the Colonel was visibly in bad humour. How the Croix de Feu, the most powerful of all the anti-democratic organisations, will progress in the next few months will be worth a close watch. In spite of their internal dissensions they remain a highly efficient military organisation which has no equivalent among the numerically much stronger Left.

The Left are, of course, not nearly so coherent an organism as they might be. The Socialist-Communist Front Commun hangs fairly well together for the present, and there is no doubt that they are perfectly capable of organising a first-rate general strike, if the necessity ever arose; but some of the Socialist leaders are beginning to wonder whether, in the electoral sense, the Communists are not going to benefit rather too much from the alliance. These Socialist leaders feel in their hearts that there is an element of untrustworthy opportunism in the avowed moderation of the Communists, particularly in their willingness to stretch out a friendly hand to "all anti-Fascists," a friendly hand which certain Radicals like Daladier are only too anxious to grasp. Is this "anti-Fascism" of the Communists, and the "Vive la Liberté" on the front page of the *Humanité* not a subtle way—the Socialists ask—of catching bourgeois—and Socialist—votes in the next election? These apprehensions, however, are never uttered in public.

It was the Communists who first proposed the "Popular Front," an extension of the United Front which would comprise all anti-Fascist forces. The Left Wing Radicals—especially those who, like Daladier, have been systematically excluded from all the recent National Coalition Governments, and who are treated on the Right as the *fusilleurs du 6 février*—jumped at the idea. Last month they were ready to form a Cartel Government, complete with Communists, and might have succeeded but for the prudent opposition of the Socialists. More recently still the question arose of not only taking part in the anti-Fascist demonstration of July 14th, but of formally joining the "Popular Front." After much hesitation Herriot agreed to the participation of the Radical Party in the demonstration, but would not hear of the Popular Front, which, once formed, would have broken up either the Laval Government (for the Radical Ministers would have had to resign) or the Radical Party itself. As for the demonstration, Herriot agreed that there was no great harm in it, but said that the Radicals must "keep their independence," and should, like worthy descendants of the Jacobins, sing the "Marseillaise," and not the "Internationale," and carry not the red but the tricolour flag of 1792. The Jacobins agreed to this, and even talked of "rehabilitating" and "revolutionising" the tricolour flag.

It must, however, be frankly admitted that, from the Radical point of view, the anti-Fascist procession on Sunday was rather a flop. The Socialists and Communists would simply not sing the "Marseillaise," and, except for the tricolour flag carried by the taxi, on the top of which Pierre Cot and Guernut had taken their seats, the overwhelming majority of banners was red, and the crowd that lined the Faubourg St. Antoine cheered Cot with tactless cries of "Les Soviets partout." Practically, the Radicals and the Front Commun disagree on everything except on their "anti-Fascism," and on the battle-cry: "De la Rocque au poteau." It is hardly enough as a working program. The discouraging result of the "Front Populaire" procession may make the Left Wing Radicals think twice before they break up the Laval Government.

If, therefore, the decisive moment does not come in November, it may not come until after the general election next May. There are pessimists like Bergery who say that the most difficult time will come after the great election victory of the Left (for it is assumed that there will be a great victory). Hostility to Fascism and dictatorship is general almost throughout the country. The French people—including Radicals, Socialists and Communists—are prepared to defend democracy; the great question is whether the parties of the Left will ever be capable of producing a coherent Government with a coherent working program. The examples of 1924 and 1932 are not reassuring. If they are incapable, then those who believe in democracy will prefer that the "National Union" (such as it is) should continue indefinitely. That, of course, is to assume that this "National Union" is genuinely democratic, and does not at some critical point follow the example of Doumergue in appealing to the Fascist league for support against Parliament.

Paris, *July* 15. ALEXANDER WERTH

THE RUSSIAN CONSUMER

Moscow. *June.*

TO-DAY'S *Izvestia* reports as follows: "The flower kiosks and stores of Moscow have commenced to sell roses and peonies at low prices. These flowers are delivered in Moscow by aeroplane from the gardens of the Green Trust in Essentuki, Rostov-on-Don and Yalta. Each day about 5,000 roses and 2,000 peonies are brought to Moscow in this manner." Essentuki, Rostov and Yalta are approximately thirty-six hours by train from Moscow.

During the last few weeks, owing to Moscow's unusually late and cold spring, strawberries, too, are being transported to the city by aeroplanes from points south. A queue forms at the fruit shops when the truck from the aerodrome is scheduled to arrive, and in quick time the delicacies disappear.

The first cars for the new Moscow subway were made with hard seats. But they were never used. The authorities gave strict instructions that all cars be leather-upholstered. Now, after their trying experiences in the overcrowded surface trolleys, Moscovites would be only too happy to travel by the fast underground, even if its cars had no seats at all and even if the stations were not exquisitely decorated with marble columns, coffered ceilings, and modern lighting effects. Why did the Government go to the expense and trouble of introducing exceptional comforts and beauty?

Stalin, according to the Communist daily *Pravda*, has demanded that all factory directors "give the Soviet consumer goods of the highest possible quality, and in any case, goods that are not worse than those shipped abroad." The newspapers regularly denounce Soviet industrialists who are careless in their work and turn out commodities which do not satisfy the better tastes and finer requirements of the buyer. The Red Press insists on "beautiful Soviet goods that please the eye."

In the Soviet Union, there is no competition, either fair or unfair, between manufacturers. Moreover, the shortage which still prevails in some branches and the rapidly rising demand are a guarantee that everything produced is easily sold. No Bolshevik director need be concerned about his market. Eager purses await his output.

In such circumstances, there is no compulsion upon Soviet retail business to go out of its way to supply the best goods or

to attract trade with special displays, improved salesmanship methods and home deliveries as it has recently been doing. After all, the State could reason that citizens can live without roses, that they can wait for strawberries until the middle of the summer, that they will carry their packages themselves, that they will wear cotton if they cannot get silk or wool.

If a merchant in Europe or America does not have what his customer wants the customer will go elsewhere until he finds it, or until he and others like him create a demand which some enterprising business man will meet. But the Soviet Government could just say: "No well-illustrated books, no fancy women's shoes, no straw hats, no restful cafés, no comfortable trolley-buses," and people would have no remedy. The Government has a political monopoly of industrial production and retail distribution. What it does not sell is not available anywhere else. Yet the Kremlin's greatest emphasis to-day is on quality and variety, and on the beautifying of daily life through the introduction of comforts and luxuries for the greatest number.

This is the answer to an old argument against planned economy and government ownership which has recently been renewed in England and America. "The consumer would be helpless," runs the objection. "He would have no choice. Everybody would wear brown suits, and eat liver on Thursdays and beans on Fridays. The State would dictate each tiny detail of the individual's existence, and he would really cease to be an individual. He would be a marionette pulled by an unseen official hand." Soviet experience and practice completely explode this theory.

The capitalist class can find plenty of valid reasons for its antagonism to Socialism without resorting to this spurious one. Self-delusion is never wise; it is particularly inappropriate when the correct facts can be ascertained by walking through any Soviet city or village for fifteen minutes. People are differently dressed. They carry different books. Some walk into restaurants. Others prefer to buy their food in a store and prepare it in the home kitchen. Theatres, concerts, and cinemas offer a wide variety of styles, content, and performers. The realist, the romantic, the lover of classics, the eager reader of adventure, and avid devourer of poetry will find plenty to please their diverse palates in the book-shop. If you prefer capitalist to Soviet literature, you can purchase pre-revolutionary fiction or translations from foreign sources.

Bolshevik factories produce heel-less boots for Georgians, fur boots for Siberian hunters, high-heeled tinted chrome leather slippers for the metropolitan "flapper," bright kaftans for the Turkomans, turbans for the Uzbeks, skull caps for the Tartars, felt hats for the stylish city beaux, etc., etc. Each plant has its own artists who turn out different designs for textiles and cloth. As time goes on assortments grow, and the press calls incessantly for richer variety. The Government maintains women's dressmaking and men's clothes establishments which fill individual orders. One can give free rein to one's imagination as long as one's purse keeps pace with it.

I have seen exhibitions arranged by large Soviet trusts which display all the articles they make and ask visitors to fill in a card with their preferences. The goods are then manufactured in quantities corresponding to the votes each received. This, to be sure, may be perhaps not the best of all possible methods, but it certainly suggests that the Soviet producer wants his customer's likes and dislikes to affect the character of output.

Before the war, the vast majority of Russian working men lived in wooden hovels with no modern heating, plumbing or electric lighting facilities. To-day, even in distant mining and steel towns, stand innumerable rows of new brick homes possessing up-to-date conveniences, and surrounded by parks and trees. Labourers and peasants have access to libraries, schools, club-houses, sanatoria, hospitals and spas. They never dreamt of these amenities before 1917. But the Soviet Government could have allowed them to remain in their log boxes and cellars. The Soviet Government is a dictatorship, and in comparison with it the individual is powerless.

The *Pravda* recently explained the Bolshevik attitude towards this question. "What is it all for?" the paper asks. Why all these Soviet efforts to improve conditions, build more factories, register technological progress, produce beautiful, high-quality goods? "For the sake of the people," it replies. "For the sake of the producers, the Soviet consumer, for the sake of our nation. No matter what product a plant makes, be it a lathe or a shoe, a turbine or a nail, it must always think of the human being, of our Soviet citizens, of the millions of excellent builders of Socialism who will use these articles."

When goods are manufactured for use rather than for profit and when every producer is a consumer and every consumer a producer, it is only natural that the producer should be interested in creating the best commodities for himself, the consumer. The reason why planned economy, far from eliminating choice, emphasises choice, is that in the U.S.S.R. there is no divorce between production and consumption. The Russians, therefore, can no more have over-production than they can have under-consumption. And the State's first concern is the gratification of the wishes of the gainfully employed. The gainfully employed are the State, in fact. The State plants the strawberries, the State constructs the aeroplane, and the State or the gainfully employed eat the strawberries. The more strawberries, the more peonies, the softer the seats in the subway, the finer his wife's shoes, the more eagerly and loyally does the worker produce at his bench. The State provides for its people so that they may provide for it, that is, for themselves.

When selection is limited in the U.S.S.R. it is not because of a principle, but on account of industrial backwardness. Thus, the Soviet Union manufactures only one passenger automobile, a five-seat, four-cylinder "Ford" of the 1929 type. Until a few years ago no autos were made in Russia. Now, only the one "Ford." In this field, there is consequently no choice. But already a factory is experimenting on a Soviet "Buick." The Bolsheviks recognise the desirability of various makes of cars when they import Cadillacs, Packards, Rolls-Royces, etc. They import them because they cannot produce them domestically yet. Some day there will be a choice in automobiles too.

If consumption were uniform and standardised the market would soon be saturated, and the country's industry could rest on its oars. But the Bolsheviks continue to erect new plants, to increase agricultural yield, to sow new crops. This means that they are bent on plenty, and plenty means variety, for no man wants four exactly similar suits and certainly no woman will buy the same dress year in year out. There would be an Amazon revolt if the Bolsheviks tried such a procedure. Since the Bolshevik goal is prosperity, it is also diversity and freedom of choice.

LOUIS FISCHER

A LONDON DIARY

I HAVE been sorting out and checking up some of the innumerable rumours about Italy and Abyssinia. My conclusions are as follows. (1) Mussolini, who until recently has always tempered his megalomania with discretion, is now not far from the border of insanity. Well-known people, who have seen him recently, report that he now talks like a madman in private as well as in public. His Abyssinian policy is an effort to realise his romantic notion of re-creating the ancient Roman Empire; it is being carried out in defiance of the advice of his general staff, which is under no illusions about a quick defeat of the Abyssinians, who are not really likely to wait, as Mussolini is reported to expect, for Italian tanks and aeroplanes to massacre them on the historic field of Adowa. (2) Dislike of the war is strong in Italy. Strong measures have had to be taken to prevent mutiny in the army and special watch for deserters is being kept on the Swiss frontier. A number of troops have been already sent home from Africa where discontent and disease have both put in an appearance. Dysentery should be Abyssinia's best ally. British and other

neighbours are doing a thriving business in supplying water to the Italian troops. (3) A less serious repercussion of the Abyssinian affair is the shortage of lemons in this country. They are needed by the Italian army. A green-grocer tells me that the wholesale price has about doubled in the last five weeks. He suggests that Mussolini may be slimming.

* * *

The press lunch at which Mr. Lloyd George launched the text of his proposals for *Organising Prosperity* ended with a lively discussion. Was the B.B.C. to be allowed to summarise the proposals before they appeared in the morning papers? Mr. Lloyd George hesitated: he obviously wanted B.B.C. publicity, but he was also very anxious to avoid offending the press. One well-known journalist quoted last Saturday's bulletin which included topical Talks on all the chief news items. At this rate he thought journalism would be dead in a few years. But, of course, the B.B.C. won its point in the end.

Is B.B.C. competition really dangerous to the newspaper? I do not think it is. The effect of a news summary on the wireless is to call the attention of many non-politically minded people to the interest of events which they would otherwise neglect in their morning paper, and to make them want to read more about it. The B.B.C. cannot provide the colour or the detail or the varied interest of the daily paper. I would be prepared to bet that some small part of the increase in the sales of daily papers in rural areas is the result of the B.B.C. news bulletins. They stimulate without satisfying the demand for the newspaper. But B.B.C. news does affect the *treatment* of news in the daily press. It spoils the element of surprise and is therefore bad for the sensational paper and good for the more serious paper. It gives the main facts coldly and except on some vital subjects, reasonably impartially. These facts have to be written up in the morning papers; and, if this write-up is wholly one-sided, the reader may notice that it omits important aspects of the news which were included in the news bulletin of the night before. Mr. Blumenfeld, who has had as much newspaper experience as any one alive, takes this view very strongly in his book, *The Press in my Time* (Rich and Cowen). He thinks that the effect must be to force newspapers more and more back to their main pre-Northcliffe function and make them increasingly organs of opinion rather than organs of sensation. He believes as I do, that this will be to the good and that even the development of television (which the newspapers and the cinemas are now uniting to retard as much as possible) will lead not to the daily paper being wanted less but only to its being more serious in its comment and perhaps to itself using television to advertise its general character to the wireless public.

* * *

Dick Sheppard is one of the very few people alive who could call an Albert Hall meeting off his own bat and be sure of seven thousand men turning up. I say "men" advisedly for Sunday night's meeting was only for men and he rightly claimed that if he had allowed their wives and daughters and nieces and aunts to come he could have filled the Albert Hall several times over. (He gave the proportion at any ordinary political meeting as six women to one man.) These seven thousand men were all signatories of a pledge not to take part in any future war: they were merely the proportion of the fifty thousand signatories who could afford to come into London for the meeting. How many potential supporters Dick Sheppard has, I hesitate to guess. For these fifty thousand all enrolled without any canvassing, in response to a single letter by Dick Sheppard to the press. This may be a movement to be reckoned with—a mass organisation of people who in the last war would have been called conscientious objectors and who are now better called war-resisters. The movement has its international counterpart. There is a paper regularly published called the *War-Resister* which gives amongst other news the details of the terms of imprisonment imposed on young men who refuse on principle to undergo military training in countries that retain conscription. This always seems to me an astonishing form of heroism. For six months' or a year's training in time of peace is not much hardship and to refuse it means in some cases several prison sentences of a year at a time, without any sympathy or any considerable publicity.

* * *

Given the funds—and the organisation obviously must have funds if it is to succeed against a fairly general press boycott—I think Dick Sheppard may soon be the Führer of a really formidable peace army. He has the support of an immense number of religious people who are utterly disillusioned with the churches and who regard him as almost the only courageous and honest Christian holding a prominent office in the Church of England. He can always be sure of the support of speakers like Maude Royden, whose speech on Sunday night was as sensible as it was beautifully phrased, and of war novelists and poets like Siegfried Sassoon, who read from his poems, and Edmund Blunden, who spoke as an ex-soldier, not content to allow the memories of Passchendale and the Somme to gather around them the usual haze of romantic idealism. General Crozier, who has decided, like many other people, that "collective security" is becoming a phrase to catch woodcocks, added the weight of his position and experience. The least expected incident of the evening was an appeal from the audience for Hannen Swaffer who was sitting at the press table. Since he joined the *Herald* Swaffer has become one of the most popular journalists in England and he adds to his popularity every time he speaks. I only discovered during the battle against the Sedition Bill how good a popular orator he is. He has the advantage of a unique appearance. He looks, as he stands on the platform with his lank hair and his lugubrious countenance, for all the world like a character out of Dickens—you can find him in *Pickwick Papers* as illustrated by Phiz—and the words that flow out of him are eloquent and occasionally witty. The joke is enhanced by the excessive solemnity of his face and voice. He must have taken lessons from the halls from one of those comedians who gets his stuff over by having a face that looks as if it could never on any account smile at anything.

* * *

The early editions of the *Evening Standard* of Wednesday contained, on page 10, a more than usually apt and amusing picture of Low and Colonel Blimp reviewing the fleet from an aeroplane. Immediately below this was a half-page advertisement of a *Daily Telegraph* Naval Review Supplement with a picture of the King taking the salute. Later editions omitted the Low cartoon. I gather that the retired admirals up in town after the review started to 'phone up from their clubs as soon as the mid-day editions appeared, and that the *Evening Standard* nobly sacrificed the most popular feature in the paper in order to protect their telephone girls from the excesses of naval vocabulary.

* * *

The last three issues of the *Radio Times* have presented a superbly ironic spectacle. The front page beneath the title and B.B.C. crest has been devoted to large photographs of our fighting forces: the issue of June 26th showed the impressive might of the R.A.F. to be reviewed by the King at Hendon; on July 5th the illustration was of troops, cavalry and tanks to be reviewed by H.M. at Aldershot; on July 12th the huge guns of H.M.S. *Royal Sovereign* boldly pointed across the sea in preparation for a Naval Review at Spithead. Beneath the pictures was an announcement that a running commentary on the reviews would be broadcast. Just above the pictures, stands the B.B.C. motto, which, as part of the official crest, no one has yet thought of deleting: "*Nation shall speak peace unto nation.*"

* * *

This is a true story. A wealthy English woman who thinks the Nazis splendid and has a school-girl passion for Hitler, recently went to Germany. She contrived to secure a Hitler souvenir—a peg on which he once hung his mackintosh. On her return she boasted of this to a friend who replied: "While you were about it, you might at least have got the plug out of the blood-bath!"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. A. Classe.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Our English literature is the finest literature in the world and is worth the whole of Greek, Roman, French, German, American, Italian, Spanish, Chinese and Russian literature put together.—*An English Course for Everybody*, by S. P. B. Mais.

Special permission was obtained for the King and Queen to be impersonated yesterday at Wigan's annual carnival, which included a Royal Jubilee pageant.

Mr. Arthur Lowe, a Wigan business man and Town Councillor, took the part of His Majesty at the pageant, and Mrs. Hamer, a local woman, was the Queen.

The only condition imposed was that there should be no verbal utterances.

Mrs. Hamer wore a gown of powder-blue—Queen Mary's favourite colour.—*Sunday Times.*

I don't think it is awfully essential to be a good swimmer; the helpless attitude of the woman who is liable to drown at any minute rather appeals to the chivalry of men.—*Daily Mirror.*

Investors should not be led away with the nonsense talked about the cost of armaments. Money spent on armaments means money spent on work. It simply reduces the amount spent on doles and idleness. We need thousands more guns and lots more "Rule, Britannia."—*Sunday Express.*

Captain Fanelli challenged Major Attlee, M.P., to a duel following the latter's attacks on Italy in the House of Commons, and Mr. Dickenson wants to take Major Attlee's place.

Mr. Dickenson is used to handling firearms, for he has undergone military training in Australia.

"If he won't accept my conditions, we'll have it out with revolvers at ninety-five paces in France," he said.

"I am doing this for England, not for a political party. I don't believe in politics. I believe in nothing but England's youth, and England's superiority, man to man, over any other nation in the world."—Report in *News Chronicle.*

Would it prove an impediment to Italian aggression if Abyssinia applied to us to become a member of the British Empire? Should we have the courage to accept if she did? . . . I should think the Abyssinians would be very pleased to accept the suggestion as the best way out of their present difficulties.—Letter in *News Chronicle.*

EXPECTING LITTLE

ALL the modern lamentations over the ruin of the countryside—the denunciations of vandalism, ribbon development, bungalows, corrugated-iron shacks, petrol pumps, vulgar advertisements, etc.—have at least one good result. They enable us to enjoy the country all the more when we visit it. There is so much of it that is left unruined that the man who sets out into it in a thoroughly pessimistic mood gets a delightful surprise. I have myself written so many pages of lamentation and denunciation about the ruin of the countryside that, sitting at home, I am almost persuaded that the country is little more than an ever-spreading semi-genteel slum. Consequently, when I drive outside the built-up areas and find long stretches of summer fields, with wild roses growing in the hedges and foxgloves by the roadsides, the world turns out to be so much more beautiful than I expected that the occasional horrors of modernity sink into comparative insignificance. Most of the people who are disappointed in places are people who expected too much. No place in the world—not even Florence or Venice or Cordoba—can live up to the expectations of the man who has formed a vision of it as inhumanly and perfectly beautiful. In order to enjoy a first visit to Venice, it is advisable to believe in advance the croakers who tell you that the place has been spoiled since the invention of the motor-boat, and various other things of the same kind. Having been told this, you will instinctively make allowance for the traffic of the motor-boats and be free to be entranced by the beauty that survives all modern invention. If I were advertising a holiday resort, I should take care not to paint too enchanting a picture of it. I should, no doubt, have to use a number of superlatives in order to rouse hope in the breast of the potential visitor, but I should also mention the fact that So-and-So had described the place as "a beastly hole" and that another eminent person had written of it as "a rubbish heap dumped on the edge of the ocean." I should, indeed, be inclined to imitate the policy of those publishers who invite us to buy their books by printing hostile as well as enthusiastic reviews of them in their advertisements. This saves the reader from excessive hope that leads to disappointment.

I was fortunate when I crossed to Iona from Mull a few weeks ago in having been told in advance that the island was not worth visiting. The place, I was warned, was simply a seaside resort with no ruins worth looking at, and houses that would disgrace an arterial road. I should certainly have been disappointed if I had gone there hoping to find an outpost of ruined antiquity in all the beauty of desolation. There are houses there that would have been better left unbuilt in so legendary an island, one of them with its front garden protected by a fence of barbed wire. But, having been prepared for such things, I could dismiss them from my mind, and enjoy the island as it exists in the imagination—the lantern of the western world, as it has been called. How far that little candle threw its beams! And what an infallible taste in landscape the old monks had, with the mountains of Mull rising beyond the blue waters of the sound!

Another ruin in another part of Scotland, however, disappointed me, because I expected too much of it. It is a medieval abbey that must once have been beautiful both in itself and in its surroundings. The trouble is that modernity has broken in upon its surroundings. As one looks up the church through the ruins of the eastern window, the most conspicuous object to be seen is a tall brick factory chimney disgorging black-brown smoke into the summer air. To-day, I doubt whether the erection of such a monstrosity would be permitted. I commented on it to the elderly woman who keeps the keys of the abbey. She looked at the tall chimney with grim disapproval. "My father was on the toon cooncil," she said, "and he was a great one for the amennities. If he had lived, they wouldnae have put up that chimney withoot a fight." Then, as if she felt that she had wronged her father by suggesting that he was a man of violent temper, she added explanatorily: "He wasnae a *fighter*; but he was verra angry when they put up the double telegraph poles." Obviously, a sound man at heart; but of what avail has anger been against the double telegraph poles? What has anger done to remove the double telegraph poles from the Great North Road? I suspect that, for the removal of out-of-place factory chimneys and double telegraph poles fighters are needed. Mr. Lloyd George might with advantage make their removal a plank in the platform of his New Deal.

It is not only in regard to famous antiquities, however, that the holiday-maker does well to guard himself against disappointment by expecting little. In this climate at least he should set out in a state of profound gloom as regards the weather. Let not the calendar mislead him into neglecting to take his hot-water bottle. Let not newspaper stories of a heat wave deceive him into believing that it is a mere waste of space to pack his winter clothing. "Prepare for the worst in order that you may enjoy the best" is the only safe rule for the holiday-maker in this end of Europe. If you prepare for the worst, indeed, you will be able to enjoy even the worst. I have spent almost as many pleasant holidays in bad weather as in good. My chief objection to bad weather, or even to moderately good weather, during holidays, is that people in hotels shut all the windows in the lounges. During the first week of my holiday in the west of Scotland the sky was overcast

and every lounge in the hotel was a box of stagnant air. At last, noticing that the non-smoking lounge was empty, I went into it and opened a window and breathed in the sweet air from the rainy sea. I had not been sitting there for five minutes, however, when an old lady came in, sat down at a desk and began to write. She looked up from her letter suddenly, like an animal scenting danger, and saw the open window with a look of horror. She came over to me and said, "Do you mind?" and I helped her to shut it. I went out and sat on the roofed balcony. As I sat there, I was surprised to hear someone in the lounge opening the window behind me. I felt respect for him as a man of action. Then an old gentleman came and sat beside me on the balcony, and, after a few seconds, began to shiver. He looked round at the open window, said there was a draught, and changed his seat. A Lancashire man came to the empty chair, and the old gentleman warned him that there was a draught coming through the open window of the lounge. The Lancashire man, with a great assumption of courage, said that he did not mind that, but at the end of three minutes he began to fidget in his chair, rose, looked in through the window at the letter-writer who had opened it, said "Do you mind?" and shut the window from the outside. I never before felt so great a longing to have the courage of a Suffragette. I should like to see a stone thrown through at least one shut window in every hotel lounge. Nothing else except a permanent heat wave could keep even one window open.

How little such things matter, however, when the really fine day arrives! And the really fine day is finest of all when it comes as a surprise during a spell of mixed weather. That is why I prefer the climate of Ireland or Scotland to more settled climates. Fine weather seldom lasts long enough there to become monotonous. Besides, the world looks lovelier under a changeable sky. The world that is dulled with rain to-day becomes incredibly beautiful as the clouds rise and the sea pours into the bays in a kingfisher blue under the unexpected sun. There is a freshness on the face of the world that prolonged good weather cannot give. A fine day in a changeable climate is like a child's birthday. Perpetual fine weather would become as monotonous as having a birthday party on every day of the year.

The main thing is to go where one has a chance of being surprised. That is one of the chief pleasures of the world. Birds and wild flowers would not be half so charming as they are if it were not for the fact that in their distribution and in other ways they are so endlessly surprising. Nature is no cinema that repeats the same performance day after day, and in place after place. In Nature the unexpected is constantly happening—the cloud of terns, more graceful than ballet dancers, hovering and diving over the Falls of Lora at the change of the tide, the dunlin piping the stranger away from its helpless chicks on the lonely sea-edge, the pool of chicory in bloom on the roadside. The less you expect to see such things, the more you enjoy them. It will be guessed that I had a holiday of in-and-out weather and that I am trying to hide my envy of the Southern Englishman sweltering in his heat wave.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

LABOUR HONOURS

SIR,—I write to you as one of what is, I believe, a numerous band of irrevocably bourgeois members of the Labour Party, whose voices are seldom heard in Party internal controversy. While our political activities are orientated exclusively round the parish pump and we are of no account in the Movement as a whole, many of us, for better or for worse, as the result perhaps of a more expensive education or just of a South Country accent, find ourselves with some influence over, and authority with, sections of the working-class. We try to use that influence and authority neither to lead our comrades to the eccentricities of Bloomsbury nor to send them a whoring after Moscow, but to persuade them to loyalty to the official party programme and the official party leaders. To us, I think, the effects of the recent Labour Honours are devastating. At the best the way of the straight party man is difficult. The greatest handicap to a Labour Majority is not any widespread disbelief in Socialist theory nor even distrust of the ability of the Party leaders to give effect to that theory when in power, but the feeling both within and without the Party that they do not want to; that they are a body of men debarred by birth or capacity from successful careers in the older parties, who wish no more than to canalise Left opinion into a benevolent, if slightly querulous, liberalism which will give them security of tenure of office and the fruits of office. It is not, unhappily, only the enemies of Socialism who believe that in 1931 the size of the National Labour schism was only limited by the number of vacant chairs round the National Cabinet Table. Those who in however humble a capacity have tried to exorcise this numbing distrust will not feel their task to have become any easier since the last Honours List.

Any theoretical justification of these Honours is beside the point. It may be wrong—narrow-minded—to have assumed that Socialists would approach the fountain of honour with no greater deference than, say, a Radical like Sir William Harcourt. "I am on Friday next at Windsor," wrote the new Solicitor-General in 1873, "to undergo the last humiliation of being made a Knight! I went down on my knees to Gladstone to let this cup pass from me, and asked him how he would like it himself, but he was inexorable. I think he had a malicious joy in thus punishing me for all my past sins. . . . I think it is horribly vulgar—almost as bad as being a Baronet—but it can't be helped." Wrong as it may be, that sort of feeling is rampant in the Party and calls for respect. The sin is against the weaker brethren. Party unity not only requires a good deal of forbearance from the rank and file, it requires that our leaders should not only be but should appear to be sea-green incorruptibles. It is disquieting to know that some of these leaders are prepared to risk inflaming dissension and dismay in the ranks at this critical time, in order to enjoy something which they apparently find personally acceptable.

That is one side of the picture, the other is even more unpleasant. The offer of these honours must have been one of the last acts of the recent Prime Minister; it reflects his profound knowledge of the weaknesses of our Movement. As the National Government feel capitalism shaking against the invective of the Opposition, what cynical delight it must give them to know that the Socialist mountain will bring forth a mouse in sword and breeches; that judiciously dangled honours can be used at any time to vitiate unity and engender distrust in the opposing camp.

Paddington, W.2. JAMES E. MACCOLL

SIR,—The hope that a resolution of the Labour Party Conference would prevent members of that Party cadging for titles or (as Prof. Muirhead puts it with an innocence which at first I took for irony) "yielding to the wish of the Government of the day to give expression to the desire of the community for recognition of their work," cannot be entertained by anyone who knows the Labour Movement from the inside.

When I protested many a time and oft in the *Daily Herald* against this kind of thing, and wearing Court dress, and aping the Old Gang in other directions, I was frequently asked why I couldn't leave it alone. I came to the conclusion then, and have seen no reason to abandon it since, that in the Labour Party there is just as ready an acceptance of the present system and just as keen an appetite for its "honours" as there is among Tories and Liberals. I do not mean that all are tainted. Far from it. But those who do want earnestly to change the system, instead of fitting themselves into it, as Sir Walter Citrine and Sir Charles Edwards have done, are few in number.

There is a Chinese proverb: "When there reign contentment and prosperity, a good man may accept honours from the State." That is sound doctrine.

HAMILTON FYFE

UNTOUCHABILITY

SIR,—In England we Indians are often told that we are not fit for governing ourself because some of us still observe that barbaric practice which is called Untouchability. It is considered to be a part of the White Man's burden to rid the world of these atrocities perpetrated under the cloak of religion. But what shall we say when we find the same practices observed in this England, only under a different name.

The writer of this letter and a friend went to a swimming pool near London on Saturday afternoon. By an arrangement with

the Southern Railway admission tickets for this pool can be purchased at Victoria Station where both of us purchased our tickets. When we presented ourselves at the entrance of the pool we were refused admission on the ground of our coloured skins. We protested that we had the proper admission tickets and so were as much entitled as anyone else to have a bathe. Besides we explained that at the time when we purchased our tickets we were not told that the management of the pool claimed to exercise any such right of discrimination. But our arguments were of no use. The only answer that we could get from the management was an emphatic no.

Incidents such as this clearly show that after all superstition and inhumane practices are not a monopoly of the East and that in the ultimate analysis, shorn of his machines and guns, the average Westerner is as little or as much civilised as a poor Easterner.

59 Battersea Bridge Road, S.W.11. MAHMUD ALI

PSYCHOLOGY IN RETREAT

SIR,—The psychologists have certainly not been slow in coming up to the scratch, nor, in so far as the *predictable* character of the responses which my article has evoked may be taken as an exemplification of that favourite principle, the conditioned reflex, have they failed to illustrate by their example the contention that psychology *may* be scientific. It is the more unfortunate that the conditioned reflex is one of those pseudo-psychological principles that describes the working of the body.

It was, for example, inevitable that I should be told that I only ventured to criticise psychology because of my "secret fear" of it, the fear being presumably born of my unconscious realisation of my need for psycho-analytical treatment; and Dr. Ladell was good enough to oblige. Again, it was inevitable that somebody should point out that philosophy also has reached no agreed or verifiable results and was, therefore, in no better plight than psychology. Here Dr. Thouless kindly came forward, but was countered by Mr. Mace's rejoinder that philosophy does not aspire to be scientific or to produce verifiable results. These and other reactions were, as I say, very largely according to plan, but I must confess that I did not expect anybody to provide me with such an admirable illustration of all that I had tried to convey about Freud as Dr. Ladell's announcement: "The history of the individual, whether neurotic or no, is the history of his love life." I do not propose to insult the intelligence of readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION by pointing out that in no plausible sense of the word "love" has this statement the faintest approximation to truth, or to call in evidence Dr. Ladell's memory of his own experiences on the last occasion he felt annoyance on missing a train or on finding that he had underestimated the amount of his overdraft. It is, however, just worth while to point out that, even if in some esoteric sense of the word "love" the statement were true, by no possibility whatever could its truth be demonstrated. The statement, in fact, is not science, but mythology.

On the main issue I have little to add to the admirably balanced letter of Mr. Mace. The gist of my article was that psychology was not yet a science—the prophecy which I ventured to add that it never would be a science was a purely personal opinion which I cannot defend in a letter. If psychology were a science, it should, I submitted, be able to produce an agreed set of facts whose occurrence could be predicted in accordance with a number of established laws. These facts and these laws psychology has not, I still insist, to any appreciable extent succeeded in producing. Empirical material, no doubt, has been collected; laws, no doubt, have been suggested, but one psychologist does not accept the laws of another, and instead of agreed results we have schools of thought. Do my critics deny this? I think that they do not. But if they do, will they be so good as to produce an example of a law describing the workings of the mind, which most reputable psychologists will agree to be such, which gives us information which we did not possess before, and will enable us to predict what, in specified circumstances, the conscious experience—or if the term be preferred, the bodily behaviour of human beings—will be, with the same degree of certainty as we can predict that if acid is dropped into a bowl of litmus paper it will turn red. As to particular results reached by experimental psychology, these are admittedly important and interesting, but nobody, I take it, would contend that they give us information about the nature and constitution of the mind as such in the sense in which a book on chemistry gives us information about the nature and constitution of water as such. If they did, it would not be necessary for psychologists to assume the role of philosophers and to advance "theories" about the nature and workings of mind; still less would it be possible roundly to deny the existence of mind altogether. Nobody, after all, theorises when he knows. Incidentally Dr. Thouless may like to know that I have read Koffka's *Principles of Gestalt Psychology*, but I cannot agree with him that what he calls the "facts" it contains, satisfy the two conditions of being facts which are both agreed and indubitably about the mind.

If psychologists would only stick to the spadework of research, nobody would complain because the facts they discovered seemed trivial. If they would indulge themselves exclusively in the pleasant task of devising theories about the nature of the mind, nobody would complain if the theories were not scientific. The ground for criticism is that they have been engaged in doing both without making it clear which they were doing; building an elaborate structure of theory upon the flimsiest foundation of fact and then triumphantly pointing to the foundation of fact in justification of their assertion that the super-structure was scientific. The truth of the matter is that psychology has not discovered enough facts to justify any theory of mind.

As to the Freudian unconscious, I hope I shall not be accused of academic levity if I quote:

> Hic liber est in quo quaerit sua dogmata quisque
> Invenit et in quo dogmata quisque sua.

C. E. M. JOAD

THE DEFENCE OF CULTURE

SIR,—Writers, artists and musicians are not alone in feeling with Miss Rintoul that it is time that something should be done for the defence of culture. University and school teachers and scientific research workers have also been disturbed by the recent trend of affairs. Nine months ago the Provisional Committee on Academic Freedom was instituted. At Easter it held a Conference in London, and is now proposing to hold a larger and more representative Conference in Oxford on August 14th and 15th, to which delegates from many organisations, as well as interested individuals in the University and teaching world, have been invited.

The three main subjects under discussion will be Academic Freedom, International Professional Relief, and the Utilisation of Science. The object of the Conference is not to pass resolutions, but to set going the most effective machinery that can be devised for the safeguarding and progress of culture.

Any of your readers who are interested in this Conference may obtain further information from me.

55 Great Ormond Street, W.C.1. DAVID ABERCROMBIE
Hon. Sec., Provisional Committee on Academic Freedom.

AMERICA AND NAOMI MITCHISON

SIR,—The following lines are a rather belated reply to those which appeared in your issue of June 1st, by Naomi Mitchison, with the title "The Furies Dance in New York."

It is true that they have ousted the Indian,
It is true that they have broken his neck.
It is true that the English are gentlemen,
And Americans brutes, but what the heck!
If tea spoilt the American constitution,
Whose fault was that but the makers
Of our highly civilised post-war England,
Who sent them its Puritans and Quakers
With their great big Bibles and their frightful souls,
In which such starkness and cruelty lay,
And that self-satisfied smug English conviction
Before which even the gods must give way?
With their horns of powder and their pieces,
And their Bibles under their arms
They set the evil pattern for America
And all its manifold Puritan-English charms.
They opened up the country beautifully
By shooting the Indians out,
And by sending in such double-crossing gentlemen as
Captain John Smith, the lout.

It was the English who thieved the land from the Indians
And began their calculated destruction,
Not the Americans Naomi Mitchison saw
In her eight-weeks flying induction.

It is the Americans whom Naomi never even glimpsed,
The Fifth and Park Avenuers, the Southern gentry, and the Boston Blues,
With their English traditions, the Mellons, the Rockefellers, and the rest,
Not the poor Wops, the Greeks, the Slavs, and the Jews,
(The people not of English ancestry),
No, thank the powers that be, not they
Who made the mess the English made,
And that they will right, whatever the English say.
Yes, it is crude and ugly and vulgar now,
Really quite like the America Hollywood makes,
With its Irish politicians and its Irish cops,
Its go-getters, exploiters, vampires, quacks and fakes;
Its mechanization of the soul,
And its levelling of the good and bad,
Its lawlessness and moneytheism,
And its slavery to fashion and to fad.
Negroes are lynched in the South, and in the East left to starve,
A murder is committed every forty-five minutes or so,
A kidnapping almost every day,
Its Civilisation: Man's Own Show. Rugged Individualism, you know.

But these things will pass as surely as they now exist,
Not because the dead have found fault with the living,
Whose only virtue might be
That they were better at taking than giving,
But because, my dear Naomi Mitchison,
There is a deep humanity in this mass-production brood
Which driven by its unsurpassed energies
Wants badly to be good,
A humanity which no unsympathetic observer
Can ever hope to see,
Like the truth in these rugged American verses
Which might have been a gift from you to me.

New York ASHLEY MONTAGU

AMATEUR STATUS

SIR,—I was very interested to read the article on "Amateur Status" in your number of July 6th. It is certainly time the whole question of amateur and professional status was discussed. Few ordinary amateurs (I do not refer to the stars) know the almost fantastic rules that govern most sports. For instance, hardly any of the people with whom I have discussed the subject know that nearly all associations have a law that runs: "An Amateur is one that has never been a professional in this or in ANY OTHER form of sport." In fact, though a skating professional may be a complete rabbit at athletics, rowing or swimming or be unable to hit a tennis ball, he is nevertheless ranked as a professional at those sports and would be debarred from entering for the smallest local tournament or competition on that account. In my own case, I happened to be a fairly good amateur swimmer and about three years ago decided to take up teaching professionally. I coach two schools, various private pupils and some districts of Girl Guides. Because I have "Taught, pursued or assisted in the practice of swimming for financial gain" (openly) I am ranked as a professional at all other sports; I might, in fact, call myself a prize-fighter, wrestler or bargee (that, I think, must be a rowing pro.) and according to the laws of the association it would be true, though I can neither box, wrestle nor row; and should I dare to enter for any contest under the various association laws, the amateurs competing with me would be liable to the loss or suspension of *their* amateur status. There is in the case of the International Skating Union (and I believe in some of the others, too) the most surprising exception. "A skater is not an Amateur if he has practised in his own person *any* sporting bodily exercise as a means of gain, (*gymnastic and fencing instructors excepted*)." The italics are mine. This means that a gymnastic mistress at a school who probably teaches games and swimming as well and is certainly expected to be good at them, is an amateur and can enter for any tournament or competition she likes. I cannot understand why it is so *infra dig* to teach a sport. Professionalism is regarded as a loathsome and infectious disease. I once heard an American definition of a professional as "a man who keeps the game clean by taking his money openly." Judging by the disclosures of your tennis article there seems to be some truth in this.

Obviously it is right and just that professionals and amateurs should not compete together at their own sport since the pro. is supposed to know considerably more of the game and to spend his life at it; but that a skater or swimmer should be debarred from, say, a little boxing because he is a *skating* or *swimming* professional seems absurd. On the question of expenses, the rules of most associations allow a competitor in a competition, tournament or championship reimbursement of travelling expenses and he may claim for his journeys (2nd or 3rd rail and 1st steamer) and his hotel accommodation "for the days of the competition together with one day before and one day after." These expenses are not paid direct to the competitor but to the club or association which has entered him for the tournament. Your article shows that there are ways of getting round these rules.

I have not space here to quote all the remarkable rules of all the sporting associations; those I have used are taken mainly from the International Skating Union which may be regarded as typical. Anyone who is interested may find entertaining reading in the handbooks of the A.S.A., N.S.A., A.A.A., and many others.

"PRO."

THE PAYMENT OF SEAMEN

SIR,—Mr. Hynard in replying to my letter in your issue for June 22nd does so by distorting what I said. I referred to the National Government doles to the shipping industry, "State aid, assistance or subsidies, whichever you prefer." In so saying I was not indulging in "ill-informed generalities" but in sober fact.

That the Cunard-White Star "loan" of £4,500,000, possibly of £9,500,000, is State aid can be indicated by the circumstances under which it was granted—circumstances which made Mr. P. A. S. Franklin, President of the International Mercantile Marine Company, describe the Cunard-White Star Merger Company as being "nothing more or less than a State line backed by the British Treasury to the extent of about 50,000,000 dollars."

The money was "lent" conditional on the compulsory amalgamation of the two Atlantic shipping fleets of the Cunard and White Star Line. Mr. Neville Chamberlain in the House of Commons (February 22nd, 1934) made this clear:

"The salient fact about British shipping in the North Atlantic was that two British shipping companies, both of high reputation, both with great records in the past, were at that time in fierce competition with each other for a trade which had, owing to the world depression, and particularly the depression in the United States of America, shrunk to only a fraction of its former size. Indeed, I may say that the position of these two companies was such that not only was serious damage being incurred by both of them in consequence of this competition, but, as well as the shareholders there were creditors, among whom must be reckoned the British Treasury itself as also the Government of Northern Ireland, who had guaranteed considerable sums of money advanced on the security of some of the White Star ships. . . . Here, we thought, might be an opportunity for the Government to step in, and, by using their good offices, backed with the persuasion which naturally arises in those who have the power of the purse, to bridge over this difficulty which had arisen between these two great companies and to bring about a fusion of the two interests for the benefit of both companies and of British shipping in general."

State aid took the form then, not only of a long-term loan (redeemable in 1975), but also of forcing through a huge piece of monopoly—the Government in December, 1934, forbidding the purchase by a British concern under Major Frank Bustard of the American Red Star Line since it could not "facilitate the setting up of new competition" to the merger company. Mr. Hynard labours to point out that the money advanced to this monopoly company is only a loan, repayable like a building society advance. But as Mr. Chamberlain emphasised, one of the main motives prompting the Government in making the further grant was its fear of losing its money previously lent. What guarantee have we then that by 1975 the merger monopoly company will be prosperous enough to repay the outstanding loans plus the new "loan"?

I did not, in fact, call this transaction a subsidy, although I would have been perfectly justified had I done so.

Mr. Hynard says no advances are made for tonnage scrapping. He is no doubt unaware that the Government has been authorised to advance up to £10,000,000 under its scrap-and-build policy —a scheme that is developing into a costly muddle. According to *John Bull* (June 15th, 1935), under a loophole in the framing of this scheme shipowners can sell old vessels to foreign companies and still claim cheap loans for new ships. British scrappers are therefore being robbed of work, whilst foreign shipping companies can use the ships to compete at cut rates with our new ships.

Regarding Mr. Hynard's statement about seamen's wages, if he will compare the percentages of money drawn by seamen from the Unemployment Insurance Fund with those drawn by workers in other industries I think he will agree that they are amongst the heaviest drawers upon the fund.

As regards my suggestions for a shipping inquiry, I think Mr. Hynard will agree that in view of the disclosures emerging from the *Blairgowrie* inquiry the nation will not rest until the whole shipping industry has been subjected to an equally searching probe.

KENNETH BRADSHAW

WHITELEAF CROSS

SIR,—Your valuable support was given last year to a project for saving the fine view from the Whiteleaf Cross over the Vale of Aylesbury from being built over. Now that the work has been completed the Committee entrusted with the work would like to thank you and the subscribers whose support you obtained.

The land has now been bought by the Committee and two parts of it have been made over to the National Trust; the remainder has been sold to a purchaser who has given an undertaking legally binding on himself and his successors that the land will never be built upon, but will remain as now, agricultural land.

The subscriptions of the public together with the generous gift of £550 from the Pilgrim Trust amount to £1,740. The Committee regret that they are unable to thank all their supporters, but they can at least express their gratitude to you for your advocacy.

ROGER N. GOODMAN,
Great Kimble. Hon. Sec.

NANSEN

SIR,—As I have been charged by the Norwegian Academy of Letters and Science in Oslo to collect all letters, documents and personal memories concerning the life and the relief work of the late Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, I am very anxious to come into contact with persons in this country who might be able to furnish me with the information required

LISE LINDBAEK
63 Haverstock Hill,
London, N.W.3.

SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL?

SIR,—Frankness on the part of a doctor may have evil consequences—so may lack of it. Some years ago I had a very serious operation in a hospital. For a fortnight or more it seemed improbable I should recover, and I was sufficiently intelligent to know it. Every day the doctors assured me I was doing well, and my relatives on their daily inquiry were told I was doing very nicely. When I was convalescent my own doctor, who had visited me once in the worst time, told me that on the day he came I had been given up.

About six weeks later I had a complication and for a week felt extremely ill. It was in fact not serious, but of course I did not believe the doctors when they said so. I had been ill on and off for four years, and was so tired of illness that I nearly resolved to give up fighting for life. I was young and life was sweet, but I am sure that if I had been forty instead of twenty I should have quite given up fighting, because having known that the doctors lied before I should not have believed them then when they were telling the truth.

Like all men I am a coward at the dentist's. But when he is going to hurt he tells me so. Consequently, when he makes what appear to be most fearsome preparations and assures me it will not be painful I trust him, and three-quarters of the terror, that of anticipation, is defeated.

EX-PATIENT

USED TENNIS BALLS WANTED

SIR,—In many homes all over the country there must be tennis balls which are not quite good enough for play on the courts. May I suggest to your readers that they should send such balls to places like Toynbee Hall, or some society in their own district? An enormous amount of pleasure is given to youngsters, and many a crowded playground or backyard is a happier place when there are tennis balls for the children's games. Balls which are still in good condition are very much needed for girls' and lads' clubs.

W. C. JOHNSON
Toynbee Hall,
28 Commercial Street,
London, E.1.

Miscellany

THE HOUR-GLASS

MYSELF I see, holding an hour-glass in his hand,
Deriving intimate omens from the trickling sand:
Intent on Time's device which casually contains
The world's enigma in its quietly falling grains.
Myself I see, for whom the idle moments pass
From 'is' to 'was' in that *memento mori* glass;
For whom the divination darkly seems to say,

"I am the emblem of your phantom yesterday.
I am to-morrow's journey and the eternal track
Across the desert land of life where none turn back.
I am the setting sun, the sun that rises red;
And the white moon, silvering dim cities of the dead."

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

CONTEMPORARY ART AT THE TATE

I AM afraid the first impression of an habitual gallery-goer at this exhibition—an exhibition of fifty-odd paintings and drawings selected from purchases made by the Contemporary Art Society during the last twenty-five years—will be that he has seen better things by most of the artists represented. "Typical committee work," he will mutter, and so muttering will be unjust; for one of the many virtues of this society is that it appoints, or used to appoint, a single buyer supplied with a definite sum of money to whom is given *carte blanche* for a definite period. Nevertheless, that the weight of collective opinion has depressed the taste of the buyers appears certain when we remember that amongst them are, or have been, some of the most dashing collectors in England. These, apparently, dared not buy for the society what they would boldly have snapped up for themselves.

The case of the Picasso (No. 37) shall illustrate my point. This is not a bad picture; on the contrary it is a very good one, but it is about the most un-Picassolike picture Picasso ever painted—a work of his nonage. The explanation is simple: for a society bearing the name this society bears not to have acquired a picture by the most influential painter of the age would have looked silly: but what would the subscribers have said if their guineas had been spent on a characteristic work? So the committee bided its time, and when this authentic but innocuous piece by the revolutionary master came on the market, bought it. You see, we have a Picasso.

The blame, for some blame there must be, should go more to the hangers than the buyers, however. And here I can speak from personal experience. Many years ago, when I was a buyer, I commissioned two large pictures from two young painters who then seemed to me about the most promising in England—Duncan Grant and Wyndham Lewis. Each produced a work which each considered his masterpiece up to date: this must have been in 1912. As was to be expected, considering the youth and originality of the artists, both pictures were startling and provocative. Neither, so far as I know, has ever been shown.

But, when all the disagreeable things that have to be said have been said, the exhibition remains an attractive show and a cause for congratulation. It proves that we have a school of painting in England; and that I think is more than can be said for any other country except, of course, France. Our debt to France, to both the French impressionists and post-impressionists, is obvious and immense. There remain, however, certain native characteristics, agreeably to the fore in this exhibition, which distinguish English painting from those mere foreign branches of the school of Paris with which one becomes wearily familiar as one drifts through the "art-capitals" of Europe. The English school is distinguished by a peculiarly loving sense of paint, inherited from Gainsborough and

Constable, which is here seen to greatest advantage in the work of Sickert and Duncan Grant, but is manifest in that of Matthew Smith, Cedric Morris, Neville Lewis and Vanessa Bell; also by a curious imagination, poetical rather than pictural, which can become tiresome enough when ladled out by the Spencers or, for that matter, by Blake, but which, controlled by the serviceable intellect of Paul Nash, converts to surprising but genuinely plastic form. The Spencers and the Nashes are visionaries all: but whereas the visions of the Spencers tend to remain anecdotic and slightly puerile, those of the Nashes turn naturally into paint.

The two best English pictures in the show are, I suppose, Sickert's *George Moore* and Duncan Grant's *Boats at St. Tropez*. In these two works, as in all fine painting, form and colour are so completely fused as to become one. They are thorough paintings, without a trace of the coloured drawing about them. In consequence they are perfectly satisfying. Dobson's bust of Lopokova surprised me; to my shame, I had forgotten what a first-rate thing it was. My worst moment of disappointment was before the two pictures by Miss Gwen John. I was enthusiastic about them when they were acquired; they still seem charming, but flimsy—alarmingly flimsy. Rouault's big picture, *La Mariée*, is an exception to my original complaint; for I never saw a better Rouault. But it is with the English painters that we are here chiefly concerned. Compare their pictures with those that were being produced in the preceding fifty years and you will rub your eyes, I think; certainly you will agree that the English tradition has been revivified. And it is gratifying to note that probably the worst picture in the exhibition is by one of the oldest exhibitors.

CLIVE BELL

BALLET AND MUSIC

THE revival of the art of ballet in our time was almost entirely due, as is now generally recognised, to Serge Diaghilev, but it took many years before his work was properly appreciated or appreciated by more than a relatively small group of people. I remember sitting in the stalls at the first performance of one of his new ballets—I forget now which—and noticing that two people, a man and a woman in front, could hardly repress their giggling. In fact, I thought they would become hysterical, so odd and unintelligible did the scene on the stage appear to them. Exactly the same thing happened, as some may remember, when Tchekhov's *Cherry Orchard* and *Uncle Vanya* were first performed in London.

The odd thing is that in both cases the audiences to whom Diaghilev's ballets and Tchekhov's plays seemed incomprehensible were not provincial or unsophisticated audiences because these works have not even yet penetrated to such audiences. They were, on the contrary, the sophisticated London public, that public which had also, somewhat earlier, been shocked by the famous Post-Impressionist exhibition at the Grafton Galleries.

Much experience has shown me that the visual sense in men and women is as little developed as the musical sense. Examination of the audience at opera and at ballet would, I am convinced, show that for the large majority of the public concerned it is the story or the plot that holds their attention chiefly, and it is to this that they are most susceptible. Now the plot, whether in opera or ballet, is in itself the least important element and only those with a rudimentary musical or visual sense are interested in it for its story or plot as such. We are all supposed to know the story and to have already exhausted its ordinary associations when we go to an opera or a ballet. Also the finest operas as well as the finest ballets will be found to have the most fantastic or unsubstantial plots. I would even go so far as to say that a good opera like a good ballet and like a good picture should be incomprehensible, and certainly incapable of reduction to the illustration of a story. What, for example, is that superb ballet, *Les Sylphides*, about? Let me quote from Mr. Adrian Stokes's new book, *Russian Ballets*,* for Mr. Stokes is one of the few writers on ballet known to me who has the root of the matter in him and is thoroughly aware of the true art of ballet. Mr. Stokes says:

> "Imagine the merest frenzy of motion, blind, undirected, purposeless; imagine this frenzy rarefied at dusk, discovering identity with the equal temperature of a moonlit night. It is *Sylphides*, it is trees, it is water among the rocks. In the equal temperature and radiance of moonlight, trees commune with the air that passes from branch to branch; they stir responsively and with purpose, yet with the same inclinations as when the blind frenzy of the storm shook them: calm water in a rock crevice laps the sides or raises a crystal globe to touch the night. Touched by the moon the very water, rather than the statuary of rocks, has shape. The waters are carved by the air.
>
> *Sylphides* expresses the communing with the night air of things that change or move: beneath the magic of the moon such changes appear to be forms elicited by the aerial love that carves them. . . ."

Now those to whom this passage is meaningless, those who do not participate in its expression and recognise its truth are not people for whom the proper art of ballet can exist. Ballet, like music, like poetry, like painting, like every true art, in fact, has nothing to do with the direct expression of emotion or the direct telling of a story. It is, on the other hand, perception crystallising into form and form melting into perception. What are the emotions expressed by Chopin's music in *Les Sylphides*? Nobody can say. We can only *hear* those evanescent musical forms, we can only *see* those fleeting balletic shapes, but they are wedded together as the moonlight is wedded to the branches of trees. This is the ideal of art and I am not sure that in opera its nearest approach is not reached in Mozart's *Cosi fan tutte* in which a vital phantasmagoria of a story (which we may compare to the trees) is married to a frenzy of music (which we may compare to the moonlight). Those who do not *hear* this resultant extraordinary creative fantasy which has nothing directly to do with life as it is ordinarily recognised can never be fully aware of the real nature of *Cosi fan tutte* or of musical genius.

On the other hand, neither *Les Sylphides* nor *Cosi fan tutte* are wholly formal. There is a psychological element present. If by a tremendous effort of imagination we try to eliminate the percipient observer from the *vision* of trees in moonlight, we may get something absolutely formal, but this would not be art as human beings understand it. It is the vision (postulating the perceiving individual) that makes the work of art and it is this *vision* in its poetic sense that makes the music of *Cosi fan tutte* to rank among the greatest that has ever been composed.

Now the role of music in ballet can be various, but it always will contain a psychological factor that is important, and if the ballet is a successful unit, if the marriage of the visual and the aural is truly harmonious it will be because this psychological factor has been duly recognised by the choreographer. It is here that Massine, in my opinion, has been successful in his two ballets, *Les Presages* and *Choreartium*, in which he has made what may be called a visual setting for the fifth symphony of Tchaikovsky and the fourth symphony of Brahms. Mr. Adrian Stokes is a warm admirer of both these ballets. Of *Choreartium*, in the course of a long and most interesting analysis which everybody concerned with the subject should read, he says:

> The first part of the ballet is, I venture to say, in cumulative effect the most glorious epic that has been realised upon the stage. I like to think that the aim of every heroic tableau from the unparalleled surprises of the seventeenth century up to the last richness of Victorian pantomime is here completed.

Both the Brahms and the Tchaikovsky symphonies can be described as dramatic, and this is their prevailing psychological character in its most general aspect. Further differentiation however, can be made and is made by the choreographer as those who have seen these ballets will have observed. Personally, however, I prefer to these dramatic ballets the more lyrical ballets such as *Scuolo di Ballo* and *Le Bal*. In the latter ballet with the attractive *décor* by Chirico, the new choreography by Massine is extraordinarily fine. The part the music plays here is adequate because it is psychologically

* *Russian Ballets*, by Adrian Stokes (Faber and Faber, 7*s.* 6*d.*)

harmonious with Massine's choreography and Chirico's setting without having in itself any special merit as music. I would set no limits to the art of ballet and it is an art that is still susceptible of great development in spite of the remarkable extension that we have witnessed in our own time. This development, however, will depend upon gifted individuals, like Diaghilev and Massine, who are more than usually sensitive visually and aurally and understand how to combine all the elements of ballet into one significant unity.

W. J. TURNER

PENNY PLAIN, TWOPENCE COLOURED

"Public Hero No. 1," at the Empire.
"The Silent Passenger," at the Plaza.
"St. Petersburg," at the Academy.
"Becky Sharp," at the New Gallery.

Never since the early days of the films, when men were men and there was a fate worse than death, have the movies been so full of movement as they are to-day, when they are talkies. From the prolonged breakneck rescues of the Wild Westerns to the delayed but wholesale justice of the newest anti-gangster films, the art of the cinema has come full circle. Men now are G-men, and instead of Colts in wide open spaces we have sawn-off shotguns in hideouts; but the stuff of these films is action as pure and puritanical as in the long silent days. Time was when directors, notably the Germans, gave vice, imagination and the camera a run for our money: now we pay to see outlaws on the run during the second half of the picture, when, with much skidding and screeching of brakes, the policemen get the upper hand. In the Silent Age bad hombres merely "rustled"; now everything is doubly a racket—and when they say "round-up" they don't mean cattle. The result is a pleasant up-to-date pandemonium.

Public Hero No. 1 is less noisy and more intelligent than Cagney's *G-Men*. Messrs. Morris and Calleia, as policeman and crook, romp through a bloodcurdling, wisecracking story which gives them opportunities, jointly and singly, to hold up banks, escape from Sing-Sing, commit casual murder, fall in love, slap pretty faces, indulge in wholesale gun-battles—and get their deserts. The direction is tidy and to the point: the scenario borrows real drama from recent criminal history, for the gaol-break copied an authentic model, and the gangster met his end almost exactly as Dillinger "got his." The supporting programme includes a gay American picture, starring Robert Young, which is brisk and alcoholic and every bit as good, in its way, as the main feature.

The Silent Passenger and *Men Without Names*, showing together at the Plaza, are also detection films, neither of them in the first flight but both possessed of a number of good points. And each is beautifully true to its nationality: the latter, an American picture, is yet another breezy glorification of the U.S. Department of Justice; the British effort, a Dorothy L. Sayers story, illustrates our national predilection for amateurs: Lord Peter Wimsey is the arch unofficial who outsleuths Scotland Yard in tracking down that most insular of criminals, the trunk-murderer. The Americans, weaker in plot and stronger in dialogue, are concerned with bank-robbery. Both are typical talkies—garrulous and efficient.

Yet when the gift of tongues descended on Hollywood, for all its volcanic appearance it was merely a splutter that slowed down the tempo of the films. Unlike Colour, which frightens nobody, Sound at first seemed an alarming upheaval which shook the peaks of film achievement and dislodged the great European directors who, like so many Balboas, stood silent upon them. But its messy little rivulets of dialogue hardened at once into problem plays and drawing-room comedy, because articulate emotion somehow paralysed the film's freedom of movement—robbed it of articulation—and reduced it to theatre.

The pity of this was that the silent cinema had come a long way by then: the action of the Western moralities had been replaced by the acting of Gish-Griffiths dispensation: Chaplin had enlivened things by adding ideas to emotions, i.e., by real direction. Pabst and Company had heightened our excitement by popping cinema audiences inside their camera-lenses (so frightening the life out of them); and the Russians had gone one better. To misuse Dostoievsky's phrase, they purified all that these tired men of UFA had done, by introducing more vigorous and even simpler scenarios compounded of ideals rather than ideas, and acted by types instead of stars. This Russian film renascence was achieved, naturally enough, by turning the camera back to Nature for fresh draughts of drama and the open air. The one crooked emotion they retained from among the artificialities of the studio was satire, at which they were adept.

St. Petersburg, the latest Russian sermon to be shown in London, is one of these films of the day before yesterday, just as *Public Hero No.* 1 is typical of the present day, and *Becky Sharp* presumably the first film of to-morrow. There was once a silent *St. Petersburg*. . . . Its talkie namesake, made last year, is a different film—but it's the same thing and therefore inferior. Russian production has stood still. To me, first signs of this decay seemed evident in so fine and absurd a film as *Thunder Over Mexico*—not that an overdose of propaganda ever annuls great art, it merely makes its job harder, if by propaganda we mean "exaggeration," not simply "emphasis." But proletarian cameramen are still blissfully photographing the metal rumps of equestrian statues, hirsute villains, and the limitless sky. There are several very beautiful shots in this film; but whereas the sky and the villains have a certain meaning, the rococo here is as dead as the dodo, because the odd thing about *Petersburg* as propaganda is, that the musician-martyr-hero never realises that he writes revolutionary music! Concerned solely with making a name for himself and getting paid for it, he mopes, this rank individualist, and, despite the most encouraging evidence to the contrary, refuses to see that he could serve either himself or Russia. "My music!" not "My moujiks!" is his slogan, and the film falls to pieces on that issue.

The egregious Samuel Goldwyn once spoke of something being "a milestone round his neck": at once a malapropism and a mouthful. *Becky Sharp* is a milestone round Hollywood's neck. It's the first full-length Technicolour—great merit in that "first"—but the second and the third and the sixteenth nobody will want, yet obviously Hollywood will have to pretend that we do, and mints of money will have to be spent before we like colour as much as we shall when we can accept it as a matter of course. Not that that should take long (already the supporting programme seemed strange in black and white); but long enough to be a bore and expensive. The colour in this film was fairly natural and seldom ugly; at times it was exceedingly pretty. Miram Hopkins is pretty in much the same way, and when not flushing deeply it was nice to have her there so slim and enlarged and talkative and rosy. She is Hollywood's cleverest actress and it was her film anyway: certainly not Thackeray's, not Mamoulian's—and she stole it even from Technicolour. Although Mamoulian made a good job of the Waterloo ballroom alarm, he is rapidly becoming submerged, as a director, not by Colour but by that same old Hollywood falsity, the B.O. of box office.

JOHN MARKS

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, July 20th—
Lawn Tennis. Davis Cup, Wimbledon.
Athletics. Oxford and Cambridge *v.* Harvard and Yale, White City.
"Costume and Custom Cavalcade from Jubilee to Jubilee" and Dance Mimes, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

SUNDAY, July 21st—
Prof. Catlin on "The Possibility of Peace," Conway Hall, 11.
Tewkesbury Festival. Till July 27th.

MONDAY, July 22nd—
Haslemere Festival of Ancient Music, Haslemere Hall. Till August 3rd.

TUESDAY, July 23rd—
Flower Show, National Carnation Society, Old Horticultural Hall.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

In a review of Mr. Fulford's study of George IV (Duckworth, 9s.) Mr. G. M. Young complacently suggests that we are in for a decade of "gentlemanlike" history and biography which will be in strong contrast to the "detestable books" that distinguished the twenties of this century. He might have gone further and compared this change of taste with the prudery which set in a little less than a century ago. For after a reference to the matrimonial affairs of George IV, Mr. G. M. Young asks us to reflect "how salutary, how necessary, how inevitable was the Victorian reaction towards private decency and public dignity." I quote these opinions because I have been thinking recently about widows. The practice of suttee (Sanscrit *sati* = true wife) was stamped out in India and declared illegal by Lord William Bentinck in the reign of George IV, when British sexual morality was at its lowest ebb. It is perhaps because of our respect for law, that suttee has found so few defenders among Englishmen. It is possible, that if it had not been for his interference, this immemorial vidual prerogative of the ancient Aryans might have commended itself to a more moral generation than Lord William's, and suttee, like pigsticking and like polo, might have been adopted by the conquering race. Before dismissing this as absurdly fanciful, we must remind ourselves that the early Victorians had an ideal of marital fidelity which was not otherwise inferior to that of the Brahmins.

* * *

The consequences would have been too vast for me to adumbrate upon this page; there would have been shadows as well as the spectacle of blazing virtue, losses as well as gains. Here I must confine myself to the purely literary results which would have attended the adoption of this "true-wife" ceremony. Not only might what I think I must be right in calling "a detestable book" of the twenties, Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria*, have appeared with a very different ending, but a tremendous number of books would never have been written at all. I refer, of course, to the books that widows write about their husbands—and the term widow must be understood in the largest sense as applying equally to all occupants of the women's quarter, or hareem. When her husband dies the wife or wives would die too, or at least would have to pretend to be dead instead of writing their stories of the departed. Would this be a good thing, or a bad thing, we ask ourselves, and we must beware of judging the matter narrowly from any individual case. We should miss much, but would it really matter? Do a loved woman's revelations enable us to get a *truer* picture of the man than he has given us of himself? To take a concrete example, many books have been published by women who have survived D. H. Lawrence, and though Frieda Lawrence's is dignified and honest, it would have been no loss, indeed a positive gain, if most of them could never have been written. It might have been better to sacrifice the good for the sake of being free of the bad. A really intimate portrait of the dead, which will keep the memory of a great man alive is so rare, so hardly ever successful, that it is unfortunate that so many dozens of attempts are made by loving women. It is particularly unnecessary when the subject of the intimate biography is a writer, an artist who has spoken for himself and of himself. If a woman could be her husband's Boswell it would be another matter, but there are probably excellent psychological reasons why she cannot. Boswell had suffered a few snubs at most and there was nothing to deflect him from giving a true picture. Marriage necessarily imposes restrictions and deprivations, and the sacrifices most willingly borne often generate an abiding sense of injury, or a deep unconscious resentment. The woman can, therefore, rarely be in a position to express so pure a love as Boswell's or so single a purpose. Her motives in writing are inevitably mixed; the desire to glorify herself is rarely absent. In short there are too many hidden psychological forces at work distorting her perspective.

* * *

It was with some such forebodings that I read *Joseph Conrad and His Circle* by Jessie Conrad (Jarrolds, 18s.). Conrad suffered severely from recurrent attacks of gout, and Mrs. Conrad tells us with what saintly patience she bore for years with the outbreaks of fury that only too often accompanied this agonizing infirmity. She was herself an invalid during a great part of their married life, and being of an active, enterprising temperament, found it particularly exasperating to be bedridden. It is, I suppose, owing to this continual strain that her memories are so filled with misfortunes occasioned by the bad behaviour of others. Thus the neighbours steal the vegetables and the coal, porters steal the luggage straps, the milkman waters the milk, horses bolt, and the radiator cap of their car is stolen and afterwards recovered. Life is represented as a series of serious illnesses and minor disasters. To some people these may appear trifling; we must try to look at them as Mrs. Conrad looked at the statues of Napoleon and his brothers on the water's edge in Corsica, which, she tells us, "are imposing because of the history connected with them." Perhaps that is the fairest summary of all books like this.

* * *

"Familiarity breeds contempt," and the proverb is more true of men and women than it is of other combustible and dangerous materials; and though Mrs. Conrad has the deepest respect for her husband's books, and for his success, there appears often to be a tone of contempt when she refers to that "strange being":

> I have often wondered what is the dividing line between being a bit peculiar and the claim to being a genius,

—a reflection which arises out of her husband finding "dates irksome" for the delivery of his manuscripts. Conrad describes this failing again and again himself. For example, in 1896 he wrote to my father:

> When I face that fatal manuscript it seems to me that I have forgotten how to think—worse! how to write. It is as if something in my head had given way to let in a cold grey mist. I knock about blindly in it till I am positively, physically sick—and then I give up, saying—to-morrow. And to-morrow comes—and brings only the renewed and futile agony. I ask myself whether I am breaking up mentally. I am afraid of it. In desperation I took up another short story. I must do something to live.

Almost anyone who has ever held a pen in his hand could understand and feel sympathy for the man who wrote that. Mrs. Conrad wondered if her husband was not "a bit peculiar" to find "dates irksome." In such painful situations she needed all her "over-developed sense of humour"—mentioned more than half a dozen times. She should have reflected that "if it had not been for Conrad's constant preoccupation with things beyond the ken of such an ordinary mortal as his wife," she would not have had the occasion to write this book.

* * *

Mrs. Conrad has revealed in a thousand details her married life with the strange foreign sea-captain who made so abrupt an entry into her life and so abruptly married her, and with whom she had so strangely little in common. Some of it indeed she tells extremely well, particularly in her earlier pages. Most readers of the book will see only this detail, but it is possible that we have here revealed the explanation of Conrad's narrow range as an artist. For one subject above all others haunted him; he recurs to it again and again, so that one feels that it was an obsession from which he could never be free; an obsession that limits his artistic power. The subject is betrayal; his horror of the streak that shows itself in Lord Jim, his insistence upon loyalty, his preoccupation with honour . . . these have always seemed to me the effect of a seaman's training upon a proud and sensitive Pole, whose family had suffered exile and imprisonment for their country. But Mrs. Conrad's book provides a sufficient explanation of this obsession in itself. DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

God's Children. By JOHN DE MEYER. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
Lament for the Death of an Upper Class. By H. DE MONTHERLANT. Translated by THOMAS MCGREEVEY. *John Miles.* 7s. 6d.
Surprising Results. By RONALD FRASER. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
Greek Fire. By DORA BARFORD. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.
Helen Between Cupids. By HUGH EDWARDS. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
The Curtain Rises. By HILDA VAUGHAN. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.
Innocence and Design. By RICHARD WAUGHBURTON. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

When one feels more of a hack than usual—and hack is the only word you can hurt a reviewer with—it is refreshing to pick up a contemporary weekly and plunge into the dream world within its brick-red covers. Here the poor old dobbin of a critic wakes up to find himself both feared and fêted. Stained with corruption, the reviewers of novels glide about in their porcelain Bentleys; trains of camels pick their way up from the publisher's quarter—appropriately half-way between Mayfair and the City—and unsaddle their gifts outside the discreet palaces of reviewers on the heights of Hampstead, Haverstock, Highgate and Belsize. Sometimes it is a sack of jubilee crowns left at night with a mysterious message, "for you know what from you know who," sometimes the glimpse of a black and yellow mask and the feel of a gun in one's back, "she's a genius and you'll say so." At worst a few rustic authors crowd the courtyard with their humbler presents—figs from the Riviera, Pershore plums from the Brett-Young country, a bottle of Mr. Weston's wine, a twist of my favourite Rogue Herries's mixture.

And then sadly one turns back to reality, a few books that one will sell for a few shillings, a pen and ink, the heat wave, and an empty calendar.

God's Children is just about as low as the *postman always rings* way of writing can go. It is more vulgar, more seedy, and more sentimental and very much less exciting too. But even so I was absorbed in it, and when I lent it to someone who protested against every page, they would not give it back. It is not only that this kind of book is easy on the eye, the simple sentences, the complete absence of description (not even the sun or a tree is mentioned in this country novel), the stream of dialogue all see to that, but also there is something, a narrative gift, a presentation of a different world that is fascinating—cheap, probably fake—but fascinating. Reading about the people in this book is like hearing animals talk. But wolves or weasels talking not the Houyhnhnms, a world in which everybody is for himself and the hero's name is Butch Saunders:

"Butch?"
"Yeah?"
"You've got to marry me."
"The Hell I have."
"You have. I'm going to have a kid."
"I don't believe it."
"You'll have to believe it."

* * *

"I'd marry her if I was you, son. It might save you a pile of trouble."

Butch Saunders! A young man who's "been around a good deal." He thought he was tough! But was he? General release on Monday.

Lament for the Death of an Upper Class is a maddening title. The French original was called *Les Célibataires*. The book is not political, in so far as it has any politics it is anarchistic, like Céline. It is very important to distinguish in politics between Fascists, Socialists, and Communists, who want to get to work on the masses, and Liberals and anarchists who believe in the individual. Give an anarchist a bomb and he will use it on an individual, perhaps a Liberal. Give the others a bomb and they spin it out on as many people as possible. The tendency to reduce all literature to terms of economics because the importance of economics has been underestimated, is dangerous. No doubt *Paradise Lost* is the capitalist justification of the first lock-out, but it is much more beside. Montherlant's book is a Balzacian account of the old age of two bachelors, uncle and nephew, members of an upper class who hadn't the money (through bad speculation) to remain in it. They might just as easily have been ejected Communists for that matter, for no political system, nothing indeed but keeping the altruistic emotions in good training, can affect the tics and tantrums, the rituals, fears and above all absolute selfishness, of lonely old age. *Death without a Witness* would give a better picture of the book. It is an excellent novel, brilliantly translated, a work of forceful polished realism in which the sanity, observation, humour, and punch of the author illumine the grimness of the subject just as the ability of a surgeon renders innocuous the terrors of seeing him operate. The uncle in this book is a savage old tortoise; he would hurt if he could; he rolls bread pellets, hoards his possessions, bullies his nephew, belches to annoy visitors, and makes what trouble he can. The nephew is soft, shapeless, amiable, the placid white grub in whose fat the fierce yellow little uncle-parasite gnaws and burrows. They have one common quality, their complete futility judged by all the ordinary standards of human worth applied today. This is Montherlant's best book, and he now emerges as a fine mature observer of human nature with a devastating hatred of the old, the rich, the French. But he can claim nothing for his decrepit aristocrats except that they are less vulgar than the class which has supplanted them. Like Céline he hates humanity, hates the blue and pink animal which, capable of so much good, has done so much more harm than all the others, but when he comes on certain absences of evil, occasional rare abstentions from the spiteful act, the ugly thought, he is glad to notice them. I think English readers will be interested to see an evening walk in Paris described in equal terms of horror to Joyce's galas in Dublin, or to what we feel about Tottenham Court Road. This is a very remarkable book in the realist school. I hope I have not made it sound too gloomy for you, for I certainly enjoyed reading it enormously, and I think it will be much talked about. Remove religion, discredit money, debunk love, and old age and death remain the only realities. *Les Célibataires* will give you a few wrinkles about them. It is, of course, because Death remains the only certainty when you take everything else away that you get the tough school of Americanw riting. The Tough Guy sees Death coming sixty years away, with very little in between, and tries to get ready to face it. His toughness is the toughness of Despair and the Fear of Death creeps into every line—"The world breaks everyone and afterwards many are strong at the broken places. But those that will not break it kills. It kills the very good and the very gentle and the very brave impartially. If you are none of these you can be sure it will kill you too, but there will be no special hurry."

Surprising Results is a charming seaside book, a thoughtful novel about a group of people living in Cassis, a rich botanist, a famous psycho-analyst, two lovely twins, an improbable young composer of the How-too-Vile Bodies period, and a beautiful woman. Anyone who has reviewed novels will know that ultimately a reviewer's chief pleasure is to identify the characters; this is not the Cassis of *Mediterranean Blues*, and I am baffled. But there is the sea, the harbour, the planes, the mulberry trees in Provençal courtyards, the gossip, the wine, the intrigues that I love, and I recommend it to anyone who, in this turgid anonymous London, remembers what it is to meet the same people imperatively every morning in order to assimilate the indiscretions of the night before.

Greek Fire has a fine description of the Turks massacring the Greeks in Smyrna, which is followed up by an indifferent love story and some good descriptions of modern Athens.

Helen Between Cupids has an entertaining introduction by James Agate, and after that falls off. Very improbable Lovat-Fraser eighteenth century with a John Collier background, and plenty of minxes and damme's. Would make a good broadcast play.

The Curtain Rises is very long, very sad. The heroine is a Welsh girl who comes to London, makes good, falls in love, writes plays. Back to the Welsh hills and dies of pneumonia, after one of those curious retreats from the body which are so common in middlebrow novels. Sad deathbed scene ("Do you remember the spring flowers we plucked on our first wayfaring together") and final credo.

> This is the only thing of which I begin to be sure, Stanley. That God or Nature has made a law.—"What thou dost not use, and thereby increase, that shall atrophy. As with the muscles of the body, so, I believe, it is with the mind. What the ultimate purpose of all this stress and effort may be, I do not know. But that it is good, I am very sure."

All the same, it is possible to overdo it.

Innocence and Design, I may as well say, is written by a very great friend—or is it two?—of mine. It is a full-blooded account of Persian stupidity and indeed of the jealous mystification with which the diplomats and military intelligence of three countries,

England, Russia, and Persia, befuddle foreign relations. The illustrations are charming, the imaginary characters decently recognisable, the East lives. After a slow start the intrigues become dazzling, and it must be one of the few satirical adventure stories in which every participant, Oriental or Anglo-Saxon, is quite expertly understood. Returning to my opening paragraph, I wish to state that if I have not devoted my whole article to praising *Innocence and Design*, it is because certain blocks of shares, real estate, etc., which were to have changed hands in the recognised way, have not yet done so. Let others who have fallen behind in their payments take notice. CYRIL CONNOLLY

BUCHMANISM

Life Began Yesterday. By STEPHEN FOOT. *Heinemann.* 5s.

The Buchmanite movement is enjoying considerable success in the British Dominions, Norway and Germany; and its adherents believe that it can and will solve all our most serious problems. The Germans will love the French, the capitalist will help his rivals, the proletariat will trust the capitalists, wives will be content with their husbands, and sons will get on with their fathers. This, it may be said, is a brave reaffirmation of Christian teaching, and indeed if we would only obey that teaching, these results would follow. But in fact, if we are to trust such books as *For Sinners Only* and *Life Began Yesterday*, Buchmanism attaches an importance to earthly happiness and prosperity which is quite unchristian, and, I should say, even anti-Christian. Such happiness as saints attain on earth is incidental—their object is to do God's will and so obtain happiness beyond the grave for themselves and their fellows.

> Unde superbit homo, cujus conceptio culpa,
> Nasci poena, labor vita, necesse mori?
> Vana salus hominis, vanus decor, omnia vana:
> Inter vana, nihil vanius est homine.
> Dum magis alludunt praesentis gaudia vitae,
> Praeterit, imo fugit; non fugit, imo perit.
> Post hominem vermis, post vermem fit cinis, heu! heu!
> Sic redit ad cinerem gloria nostra suum.

After Adam de St. Victor let us listen to Mr. Foot:

> The head of a firm said the other day at a meeting for business men: "We wish to see the Holy Ghost as Chairman of every Board of Directors, controller of every asset, author of every transaction and auditor of every balance sheet." . . . The Sermon on the Mount provides a practical and sensible business code.

This view of Christianity as a short cut to increased dividends seems to have more in common with the teaching of Mr. Selfridge's Callisthenes than with that of Jesus. One begins to wonder whether Buchmanism is more than Rotarianism in a more emotional form.

It is significant that *Life Began Yesterday* (though much less vulgar than *For Sinners Only*) is packed with stories every one of which ends as happily as a fairy-tale.

> A forewoman, working in a factory, was changed and went to her employer, not to complain about her own salary, but to tell him that some of the girls in her department were underpaid. She knew that she was risking her job, but instead of sacking her the employer got out the wage book and raised the wages of ten girls at once.

There is story after story of the same order: the Buchmanite is always rewarded not merely with the consciousness of having done right, but with solid terrestrial gains. This new form of hagiology is far indeed from the stories of persecution in Christian legend. If martyrs are the seed of the Church, Buchmanism threatens to be remarkably unfertile.

Mr. Foot gives as an instance of current problems the existence in the same town of overcrowding, unemployment in the building trades, and large stocks of unsaleable building material. But what is the Buchmanite going to do about this even if he takes pencil and paper and waits for "Guidance"? It is a problem which requires hard thinking much more than good feeling. It might perhaps be solved by the spread of Buchmanism, if all Buchmanites were guided to think private profit sinful, but, as far as I can make out, this is not one of the messages which come through.

At the same time, Buchmanism evidently brings great happiness to many of its converts. At a Buchmanite meeting I heard speaker after speaker testify that since they had been "changed" they had for the first time been able to say what they really thought. For extremely conventional persons always casting a nervous eye at what their neighbours may think, Buchmanism obviously comes as an enormous relief. If your friends and relations annoy you, you just point out the fact, of course in the most charitable way. I think that the success of Buchmanism is chiefly with shy, emotional and highly repressed characters. Mr. Foot himself is embarrassingly naïve and heroically frank about his unregenerate past. "Foreigners, of course, and people of other races I simply regarded as inferior beings." And his examination of conscience continues:

> After all, I was a very respectable Housemaster, so that there could certainly not be any difficulty about purity. But there came into my mind a certain verse in St. Matthew which implied that thoughts were just as bad as deeds, and I realised that if, at certain times, my thoughts had been flashed on the screen, I should have been more than a little uncomfortable. And I also remembered certain books I read, encouraged thereto by a review which included some such phrase as "Rather a daring treatment of a difficult subject." How I had bluffed myself by saying that I ought to know the kind of thing that parents and senior boys might possibly come across. Absolute purity? . . . There remained absolute unselfishness, but here I felt myself on safe ground. I was well known as a very unselfish person; parents had often said so, even the Bishop of the Diocese thought the same, when he noted the willingness with which I tackled any task to which he called me. . . . Gradually it became clear that all my life was bound up in two things: credit-snatching and blame-avoiding.

We should all be the better for thus examining our motives, and if all that Buchmanism did was to make people more honest with themselves and freer in their conversation, its spread could be welcomed. But here is another quotation:

> One of the most helpful facts in speeding up the acceptance of the Oxford Group message is that in many lands, young and old had grown accustomed to the idea of personal discipline and willingness to sacrifice for the sake of their country.

This seems to me to sound a more sinister note. For in fact Buchmanism though Mr. Foot says little of this, is now enjoying considerable success among the Nazis, and counts adherents among prominent figures in the Party. It is indeed a part of the reaction against Reason which is now sweeping Europe: the continual recourse to "Guidance" typifies that idolatry of the subconscious which is now the most fashionable of superstitions. With an interior oracle always on tap, more laborious methods of discovering the truth are superseded. You may be guided to love your enemies. And you may also be guided to effect their conversion to better ways of thought by means of rubber truncheons. No doubt Mr. Buchman would disapprove such an interpretation of the doctrine of "absolute love," but a religion in which moral theology seems to have no place lends itself to the gravest perversions. The quick success of Buchmanism is partly due to a contempt for dogma, which in the long run must wreck the movement by destroying its unity. Mr. Buchman may be a shrewd and businesslike man, but "Guidance" is as flimsy a foundation for a religion as a planchette or a ouija-board; and nothing could be more unlike the Rock which is the traditional foundation of the Church.

Mr. Foot's publishers assure us that this "is one of the rare books which may change the whole life of anyone who opens it"; and, short of this, it can be recommended to anyone who wishes to understand the nature of the Buchmanite appeal.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

A KENYA APOLOGIA

White Man's Country: Lord Delamere and the Making of Kenya. By ELSPETH HUXLEY. 2 Vols. *Macmillan.* 25s.

Imagine the case of a rather distressed community who have for long suffered under unmerited aspersion, as they think, and who suddenly find themselves, late in the day it is true, supplied with a talented amanuensis to state their case, rebut charges and revive their self-confidence by eulogy of the leader who has inspired all their hopes. There will be no lack of material for the writer to select from, and buoyancy of spirit will attend the fashioning of the long-delayed legend in readable form.

Such are the circumstances attending the appearance of Mrs. Elspeth Huxley's book almost upon the fortieth anniversary of the beginning of British Government rule, and the whole period has been one of lavish expenditure of public and private funds on the experiment of establishing white colonisation among and

upon the lands of other British subjects in tropical Africa. Whether the "making" has so far been that of a prosperous state or a bankrupt one is a topic upon which the book is too superficial to provide the serious student with material of value for any confident forecast. At any rate, the British taxpayer has directly put more than ten million pounds into the venture and, in spite of the author's assertion that "since 1912 the country has cost the British taxpayer nothing," reference to our annual parliamentary votes for Colonial Services will show that between 1912 and 1926 the British taxpayer paid more than four million pounds in final settlement of the cost of the Uganda Railway.

Mrs. Huxley was entrusted by Gladys Lady Delamere with the compilation of this memoir of her husband, and its substance is built upon the recollections and impressions of a large circle of the family's friends. If "Kenya memory" has at times been at fault, as in the case just quoted, that has not been allowed to interfere with piquancy of assertion. But the average Kenya politician nowadays walks delicately and has perforce developed a uniquely expert technique in evading disclosure of the discreditable. So an historian who searches in that quarter for her material must be content to retail only a fraction of the full story.

Thus, greatly daring, Mrs. Huxley's collaborators seem to have coached her upon Lord Delamere's "particular opposition" to increasing the taxation of Africans in order to make them work for wages, while strict silence is observed as to his advocacy of the more permanent method—by depriving them of their lands.

> "If the policy was to be continued," he said in evidence, "that every native was to be landholder of a sufficient area on which to establish himself, then the question of obtaining a satisfactory labour supply would never be settled . . . . the soundest policy would be to curtail the Reserves, and though it might take a few years before the effect on the labour supply was apparent, the results would be permanent."

Notoriously, settler pressure for years on end exhibited precisely this aim and effect, and the 1934 Morris Carter report announces that

> there exists outside the reserves a squatter population which cannot be far short of 150,000 persons, or 30,000 families of five,

and refers to the Kikuyu Reserves as "already densely populated." So the average British reader will open his or her eyes at the statement of Mrs. Huxley's mentors that "practically all the Kikuyu country was left alone except for a narrow fringe adjoining the plains near Nairobi where settlement took place."

The Morris Carter Commission, although it gave most unsympathetic treatment to Kikuyu claims, found that 865 square miles are due to be added to the lands of that tribe in settlement of claims of right. British opinion should at least know something of the African view of the case. It is not less accurate than our author's. Kikuyu headman Nderi asked Sir Morris Carter the majestic question:

> Is it not a marvellous thing for a man to buy grass from land which once was his?

Our author airily dismisses such episodes as "clipping the fringes in a few instances, in the past."

The central figure of the book is an arresting one and is outlined with an engaging candour. The Eton schoolboy, brought up on estates that had been in the family since 1615, had "the feudal system in his bones and his blood, and believed all his life in its fundamental rightness." At the age of thirty-three, this wandering anachronism, after some years of big game shooting in Eastern Africa, threw in his lot with the East Africa Protectorate as it was then called. He received from the Government more valuable support than any other individual in Kenya's history. This took the form, in the first place, of a free grant of 100,000 acres of leasehold land paying an annual rent of a halfpenny an acre. By 1926 he had disposed of four-fifths of this to later comers for a total of over £212,000. (We do not learn this from Mrs. Huxley's book but from a British Government White Paper. Cmd. 2629.) This would have made him an outstanding figure in this small community quite apart from his hereditary title. For more than twenty years he remained a Triton among minnows, collecting a following of fervent admirers to whom his word was law and in whose flattery he perhaps found his highest satisfaction. His hospitality, which "rose to its most lavish" on the arrival of the Parliamentary Commission of 1924 under Mr. Ormsby Gore, his "enormous dinner and supper parties," his "belief in the political value of champagne," the impunity with which he twisted the local Government's, tail apparently for sheer bravado in many cases, endeared him to a wide circle. The "tempestuous fury of his rages" was reserved chiefly for subordinates and employés. Aided by "the most remarkable procession of misfits as Governors ever witnessed in a British dependency" (as Lord Olivier sized up the Kenya situation in 1929), he and his noisy following were allowed to secure an influence on governmental policy "much larger than accords with the constitutional position"—to quote the Closer Union Commission's diagnosis of Kenya troubles in the same year. The effects are to be seen in the inclusion in the Colony's statute-book of provisions of law which have long made Kenya a byword among our Crown colonies, and in the preposterous fan of branch railways throughout most of the blocks of European settlement, lines running at an annual loss, for years together, of over £200,000. For thirty years now the Kenya politician has had his hand continuously in the African's till, and, everlastingly oozing unctuousness, he will do anything you like for the African—except to get off his back. In this a distinction must be made between the little political caucus, formerly led and still inspired by the late Baron, and numerous working settlers on the land who found and find local politics too dirty or fatuous a game in which to be mixed up.

The book provides, not always intentionally, material for an interesting analysis of an imperialistic foray into the lands of defenceless peoples. It can be strongly recommended to readers outside the feudal-minded stratum in Britain, to students and to supporters everywhere of the mandate system and of the International Labour Office. All such will gain a clear insight—and there is this much to be said for Mrs. Huxley's selection from the mass of material laid at her feet by "the faithful"—into the value of a place in Debrett. Her hero worked and entertained and bullied and schemed like the genuine Baron he was. He was ever a kindly man to the obsequious around him, though a weakly intolerant one to women and men of independent spirit. But he left some rare anecdotes behind him, and that is what a bold Baron should do. Here, illustrated with passable maps and excellent scenic photographs, are two volumes of them, for the most part sprightly reading, but not, of course, to be taken too seriously.

WILLIAM MCGREGOR ROSS

Now, Don't Get Sore

at us just because we're going to make the original suggestion that a holiday isn't necessarily a time in which to stop thinking or even, sir, a time in which to go on stopping thinking as usual. When the hot suns of Britain are bronzing that white pacifist body of yours just remember that there isn't really any need to go on being woolly-headed all your life; and that a holiday in fact is not a bad time in which to make a start at getting to the root of all the troubles which beset you and me and all of us to-day. Yes, we know. We're going to talk about Karl Marx before this is finished; and we're going to talk about him because he was the first man ever to take the trouble to get down to that bedrock or rather to those shifting sands on which the capitalist system was so clumsily erected. Of course you are one of those people who believe that if, say, the profit were taken out of the manufacture of armaments, then the whole round world would be O.K. Maybe you're right, but have you ever wondered how, under capitalism, that profit is going to be taken away, or why, under capitalism, such profits can never be removed? No? Maybe you still think that such iniquities are fundamental flaws in our system and that they and their like have only to be taken away for a grand time to be had by all. If you really think that you couldn't do better than lay off the pierrots for a while and read Marx instead. You won't find him difficult unless you're even dumber than we thought. But even if you should find him rather harder going than that high dive you're always going to do to-morrow, just set your teeth—if that isn't against all your principles—and see what a couple of hours' reading will do for you. Even if it but lets a faint glimmer of light into your eyes you won't have done so badly, after all. And you will, in any case, have created some sort of mental appetite which can only be appeased by more and ever more knowledge. That's really all there is to it. Stop funking the first dive and you'll realise what a lot there is to learn about the world you live in. Believe me, it's surprising.

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IRISH PORTRAITS

Irish Literary Portraits. By JOHN EGLINTON. *Macmillan.* 5s.
With Horace Plunkett in Ireland. By R. A. ANDERSON. *Macmillan.* 10s. 6d.

When the Irish Free State was established two distinguished writers retired indignantly to England. One was the late Stephen McKenna, who had accomplished his glowing translation of Plotinus in the midst of the Black-and-Tan uproar and diffused through Dublin that neo-Platonism which kindled the later genius of Yeats. As a consistent Republican, he refused to accept the political compromise. The other was John Eglinton, the solitary sceptic of the Irish literary movement who, as a philosophical Unionist, was compelled by his principles to quit his stricken native land. But literary circles were delighted when word came at last that the two friends had found their way to a mild seaside resort in the south of England, where they shared their disillusion.

The seeming paradoxes in which the logical Irish mind disguises itself are perhaps illustrated by this line of literary portraits, for John Eglinton was the one Diehard who refused to be converted to the idea of a national literature. Behind the ramparts of profound Victorian culture, he withstood single-handed the incessant arguments of Yeats and A. E. A follower of Goethe, he viewed with suspicion a movement which seemed composed of Madame Blavatski's Secret Doctrine, Pater's aestheticism and Lady Wilde's collection of Irish fairy tales. But the rôle of *advocatus diaboli* proved embarrassing, for George Moore insisted on making him his literary Father Confessor and even the youthful Joyce tried to lure him into modern obscurities. The gnomic conclusions and severe judgments give unique value to these intimate memories. Of the amusing episodes in which the book abounds, one about the author of *Ulysses* may be quoted:

> He had made up his mind at this period, no doubt with vast undisclosed purposes of authorship, to make the personal acquaintance of everyone in Dublin of repute in literature. With Yeats he amused himself by delivering the sentence of the new generation, and "Never," said Yeats, "have I encountered so much pretension with so little to show for it." He was told that Lady Gregory, who was giving a literary party at her hotel, had refused to invite himself, and he vowed he would be there. We were all a little uneasy, and I can still see Joyce, with his air of half-timid effrontery, advancing toward his unwilling hostess.

Unfortunately, Mr. Eglinton is not quite certain whether there was really an Irish literary revival. But he is less certain of his own point of view than that other John Eglinton who moves through the memorable pages of Moore's *Hail and Farewell*.

The co-operative movement in Ireland collided upon the astral plane with the literary revival. Its economic ideals were not fully understood at first and Yeats's lines might almost be appropriate:

> There's many a strong farmer
> Whose heart would break in two,
> If he could see the townland
> That we are riding to;
> Boughs have their fruit and blossom
> At all times of the year.

George Moore turned the I.O.A.S. into a Flaubertian fantasy with Horace Plunkett and T. P. Gill as his Bouvard and Pécuchet. Mr. Anderson sternly avoids the literary associations of Plunkett House, but his admirable and highly practical account abounds in rollicking stories of the movement in its early struggles.

Even the first premises of the society occupied an unfortunate position between the Dental Hospital and the University Pathological Laboratory. Every morning when the unfortunate pioneers settled down to work, their ears were assailed by agonised shrieks as if emitted by lost souls. Inquiry into this fiendish affair elicited the information that the groans and yells were only vocal expressions of patients recovering consciousness as the effect of the anaesthetic passed off. The view of the dissecting rooms was even more distracting:

> Now it was a human head, now a leg or an arm, but sometimes, worst of all, a human trunk in process of evisceration. I suppose we got accustomed to these sounds and sights in time.

Mr. Anderson does not attempt the difficult task of giving us a full-length portrait of Sir Horace Plunkett. But indirectly he conveys a lasting impression of his amazing zeal, his moral courage, his single-minded persistence. The story of co-operation is a chequered one from the early days of organisation to those years when the Black-and-Tans began to bomb the creameries. The fate of co-operation remains uncertain and the Creamery Act of 1928 has had unexpected repercussions. Butter, eggs and creamery accounts are mundane matters which have a mollifying effect on human nature. Mr. Anderson touches on every aspect of Irish life with a complete absence of bitterness and with a practical optimism that is of value in itself.

AUSTIN CLARKE

EXPERIMENTS IN CLAIRVOYANCE

Extra-Sensory Perception. By J. B. RHINE. *Faber and Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Scientific interest in telepathy and clairvoyance has remained somewhat dormant since, in 1917, Coover published a lengthy account of an inconclusive piece of research which was generally but quite unjustifiably regarded as strong evidence against the possibility of a laboratory demonstration of telepathy. Later, Professor Brugmans of Groningen published evidence of telepathy obtained under admirable experimental conditions. This has not aroused much interest, partly because it was published in Dutch. Now at Duke University Dr. Rhine has done a great number of experiments by which he claims to have demonstrated both telepathic and clairvoyant powers in a large number of subjects.

There is probably no other question outside the regions of religion and politics on which there is such evenly divided strength of conviction as on the question of the existence of such powers of extra-sensory perception as telepathy and clairvoyance. Many people (including Dr. Rhine himself) regard the matter as already proved beyond any possibility of reasonable doubt. Those who disagree with them (including probably most experimental psychologists) consider that telepathy and clairvoyance are quite impossible and only believed in by those who have no appreciation of what constitutes scientific proof. These certainly can point to much bad evidence and to a great deal of very strong conviction based on quite inadequate grounds.

Rhine claims to have proved not only telepathy or knowledge by one person of something thought by another, but also clairvoyance, which is knowledge of some fact which is not even known to any other person. In the clairvoyance experiments a card was drawn from a pack of twenty-five well shuffled cards containing five each of five different geometrical diagrams, and the subject guessed which card it was; while in the telepathy experiments the experimenter merely thought of one of the diagrams.

In neither case was the subject always right, but some were right more often than could be accounted for by chance. One of his subjects, for example, in a set of clairvoyance experiments was right 482 times in 1,625 guesses. The average expectation of guessing right would, of course, be one in five, or 325 altogether. It is clear that even if the answers had been drawn out of a hat, there might by chance alone have been more than one-fifth correct, but the odds against as many as 157 more than this number occurring by chance are almost inconceivably large—many billions to one. The possibility of an explanation of the results by chance is sufficiently excluded and we can dismiss it from our minds altogether.

The results might still be due to some uncontrolled error in experimentation. I do not feel satisfied that Rhine has sufficiently guarded against possible sources of error in some of his experiments. In the particular experiments quoted above, however, the cards were shuffled and placed face downwards in a pack in front of the subject, who called all twenty-five cards without removing any from the pack. This procedure does not seem to leave any loophole whatever for the subject to discover in any normal way what the cards were. If we still believe that clairvoyance is impossible we are forced back to the explanation that Dr. Rhine is lying, or that he is the victim of a practical joke. However small may be the probability of these explanations, they are not zero, so that it is still rational for the person who regards clairvoyance as quite impossible to remain unconvinced.

I suppose conviction could only be forced in two ways. First, by an experimenter demonstrating the effects in the presence of a sceptical audience allowed to impose their own controls. This would be difficult since all workers on this subject agree that success seems to depend on a very delicate mechanism easily disturbed by unaccustomed conditions. I do not think it has ever been done, although it might be possible for Rhine to accustom his subjects slowly to the presence of an unsympathetic audience as he has accustomed them to other new conditions. Alternatively disbelief would no longer be reasonable if an experimental technique

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could be devised such that any competent psychological experimenter could get convincing evidence of the existence of telepathy and clairvoyance with his own subjects in his own laboratory. When I first read Dr. Rhine's book I hoped that he had devised such a technique, but since then I have tried out his experiments myself on a fair number of subjects and got nothing beyond mean chance expectation. So obviously the matter is not as easy as it sounds.

If we ask how great is the improbability of telepathy and clairvoyance, the answer must be that it depends on our general philosophy. Advanced modern thinkers now write books in which they deny the old belief in naturalism on which science has grown up. That belief, however, is strongly grounded in our minds. Although in our books we say that we no longer believe in the central dogma of naturalism that "nothing moves unless it is pushed," we should nevertheless in our daily lives be extremely surprised to see any breach of this rule. Ordinary visual perception does not surprise us because we believe that the sensitive surface of the subject's eye has been pushed by a set of light waves coming from the object looked at, but if, as in Rhine's experiments, a subject is aware of the order of a pack of cards in a building 250 yards away from him something must have happened in his mind without any push perceptible or imaginable having come from the object.

Is this very improbable? That depends on our faith in the whole naturalistic scientific explanation of the world. Which are we to trust: our ordinary commonsense expectation, or our reflections when we write books on the philosophy of science? Probably the best answer is that neither is a very reliable guide, and that we should regard the possibility of telepathy and clairvoyance as a question to be decided by experiment.

It would be unjust to Rhine's book to regard it merely as providing additional evidence for the existence of extra-sensory perception. Part of the trouble about these phenomena hitherto has been that they have remained isolated observations and have shown no tendency to fit in with other facts into an integrated and mutually explanatory body of science. In this respect they have differed from even the most surprising facts in physics. Dr. Rhine is firmly convinced of the necessity of advancing the next step. He has investigated the relationship between clairvoyance and telepathy and the effect of drugs on these powers. It is to be hoped that he will continue along this path. If we accept the existence of extra-sensory perception as proved, the next thing is to find out something about it. Only so can it become intelligible and credible.

ROBERT H. THOULESS

A KEY TO COMMUNISM

Marxism and Modern Thought. By N. I. BUKHARIN and Others. Translated by RALPH FOX. *Routledge.* 10s. 6d.

This illuminating volume is a translation of the major part of the Marx memorial essays published two years ago by the Communist Academy. It contains a long essay by N. Bukharin on the general aspects of Marxism, especially the economic and the political, and other contributions by Deborin (on Marx and the present time), Uranovski (on Marxism and natural science), Havilov (on the new physics), Komdrov (on Marxism and biology) and Tuimenev (on Marxism and the bourgeois historians). The volume is fairly well translated by Ralph Fox, but contains a considerable number of irritating misprints.

Its value lies in the fact that it is much the best index we have to the characteristics of Russian Communist thought at the present time. It is characteristic in its sweeping assurance, its utter contempt for all opponents, its absolute certainty of the future, its insistence that the dialectic is a key which unlocks all knowledge. Of the value of the essays on the natural sciences, I am not competent to speak, though I would remark that they all seem to me greatly to exaggerate the knowledge of them possessed by Marx and Engels. Those, however, on the social sciences, especially that of Tuimenev, are of real importance. They put their finger on the crucial defects of anti-socialist ideology with a crude power that is unmistakable. They have a sweep and suggestiveness that help us to understand the contemporary position in a way that is extraordinarily helpful. They show a wide acquaintance with the sources, though their knowledge of recent French, and most English, scholarship is defective. If they often tend to evade difficulties by indulging in a rhetorical flourish, they show a grasp of tendencies in modern thought in relation to the material environment it expresses the importance of which cannot be denied.

The reason for this is the sufficient one that no tool at the command of the social philosopher surpasses Marxism either in its power to explain the movement of ideas or its authority to predict their practical outcome. On the nature and function of the State, on legal institutions, on capitalist habits, on historiography, on the development of philosophical systems, Marxism holds the field against any of its rivals. On the breakdown of capitalist democracy, the decline of bourgeois culture, the rise of Fascism, the rôle of non-revolutionary socialism, it has insights not possessed by any alternative method of analysis. All this is brought out with real power by the authors of this volume. They tread, indeed, more certainly in their large generalisations than in the details of them. They underestimate the value of many of the contributions they seek to assess by a confident dogmatism which one cannot help suspecting a little when it leads Bukharin to speak of Stalin's "whole series of fresh theoretical generalisations"; for, remarkable as is the achievement for which Stalin is responsible, theoretic power is not among his major gifts. They tend, also, to that undue simplification which is the curse of so much communist discussion. In much of what they attack their justification is real and profound; but a little more generosity (and good manners) in recognition of achievement would have made the volume still more impressive. Mernecke and Sombart, for example, may well have ended in a cul-de-sac; but nothing is gained by trampling on the bodies of the ideologically dead. Dopsch's postulates may be inadequate; but the importance of his contributions to the history of mediaeval economic institutions remains real. To describe the work of men like him and Pirenne as "childish scribbling" suggests a weakness in the critic rather than the criticised. The claims the authors of this volume are entitled to make are real enough on any showing without the necessity for so violent an overplaying of their hand.

H. J. LASKI

LONDON AT LEISURE

The New Survey of London Life and Labour. Vol. IX. **Life and Leisure.** *King.* 17s. 6d.

There can be no doubt at all as to the dominant impression that must be made upon anyone who examines this concluding volume of the new London Survey. It will be related, first, to the enormous expansion of the means of communal leisure in the forty years since the completion of Charles Booth's pioneer Survey, and, secondly, to the fact here made abundantly evident that the immense and varied structure of popular culture is almost entirely the creation of the present century. Not, of course, that Victorian London was without its amenities for the mass of the people—far from it. But the pastimes were limited and monotonous, and by the end of the last century a beginning only had been made towards the organisation of social agencies for young people and for adult education. In this province of metropolitan life the achievement of the past generation has been most remarkable in range and in the establishment of social standards. The record of progress in the Survey is made up of fascinating material, and it will stand as a monument to modern London.

Seven chapters are devoted to a description of the recent social changes and the varied institutions that have accompanied them. Then come four chapters under the general heading of Indulgence and Delinquency. It is natural that the reader should turn with particular interest to these later chapters, for it is here that we get a summary of the most illuminating facts concerning the great transition.

Drink and gambling inevitably come first. The bitter cry of outcast London throughout the Victorian age was, more than anything else, the moan of despairing slum-dwellers for whom the drink-shop provided the only pretence of an escape from hell. "One thing that is established beyond any possibility of question," says Mr. D. B. Nicholson, who contributes the chapter on Drink, "is that since Charles Booth's time the consumption of alcoholic liquor has immensely decreased. If strength as well as volume be taken into account, consumption per head has decreased in London by one-half." But there has been no corresponding decline in the amount of money spent on liquor, a fact which, of course, is to be explained by the present prices of beer and spirits. An average of about 15 per cent. of the family income, Mr. Nicholson believes, is still spent on drink, "and this applies roughly to all families whose head is in employment, irrespective

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of their economic status." The estimate is almost certainly too high, in view of the steady decline in the consumption of whisky, which has brought an important change in middle-class habits.

Mr. Nicholson gives an excellent description of the public-house and its ways. He organised visits to 620 houses (10 per cent. of the total). Notes were taken of a hundred evening conversations in the bars, and very curious the accepted formulae are. The picture is anything but cheery. How could it be, since the customers have usually to stand for their refreshment? Beer is still the customary drink, and the individual consumption is very moderate. The brewers cling to their odd belief in the cash value of perpendicular drinking, and public opinion is not yet in favour of cafés with a licence: hence the high age-level of the regular customers. Young people find increasing fault with the public-house. Perhaps if they could be induced to interest themselves in municipal and social politics, we might hope for the disappearance of the triple-bar, with its quaint social distinctions, within a few years. Drinking, in any case, is fast declining, but gambling is not. The English practice of betting—on horses, dogs, and football—has no parallel in any other country. The effects of monotony in urban life can never have been more strikingly displayed than in the popular forms of gambling and the newspaper competitions (which, by the by, are not dealt with in the Survey); but we find it difficult to accept the guess (it could obviously be only a guess) that from 15 to 20 per cent. of the homes of London suffer ruin or serious disaster from the gambling evil.

The chapter on Sex Delinquency is the work of Mrs. C. Neville Rolfe. It is packed with good material while bristling with points for debate. The marked decline of prostitution is, of course, a plain and acknowledged fact. Mrs. Rolfe makes the amazing statement that the total number of prostitutes in the County of London need not now be stated at more than 3,000. This is a far smaller figure than could be given for a European or American capital of even moderate size. If it can be taken as fairly near the mark, then the meaning is that London can show a record in respect of professional harlotry never approached by a great city in any age. Thirty years ago nearly 20 per cent. of the women described as gainfully employed admitted themselves to be prostitutes. The category has now disappeared—an extraordinary fact. Prison registers and those of the rescue agencies show that domestic service provides more than its quota of girls who go on the streets. Conditions here as in most other occupations have been greatly altered. A far larger number of girls are now working as dailies and are responsible for their own quarters. Clubs and other recreational agencies are fewer for domestic workers than for others, and the factor of self-respect is important. There is no more urgent social necessity in England than the removal of the stigma of servitude from all domestic labour. Needless to say, Mrs. Rolfe recognises that the term "sex delinquency" has a different connotation from that which it carried before the war. Sex adventure outside marriage has become common among girls to an extent that would have been almost incredible to the Victorians, but it is suggested—no doubt rightly—that the difference in standards is considerably more marked in the middle-classes than among the industrial workers.

The contrast here implied may suggest one criticism of the Survey, certainly as regards the present volume. The reduction in the working day and the expansion in all forms of public entertainment have no doubt affected the life of the workers most of all, but this fact does not altogether justify the decision of the editors to make the New Survey essentially an inquiry into the condition and pursuits of the working people. The London of our time is to an enormous extent a city also of the lower-middles; and we may anticipate that the mingling of classes, due in large measure to the breaking up of the old static unit of the working-class family, through technical training and the continual emergency of new occupations, is a process that will be carried a great deal further within the next two decades. This point, incidentally, is implied again and again in the examples of workers' homes from within—forty pages of intensely interesting first-hand testimony—printed at the end of the volume. These specimens are taken partly from families in fair circumstances, and partly from the purgatory of casual labour. They disclose many things that are fundamental in the character and habit of the London working-folk—their cheerfulness and ingenuity, the vanity of their personal and family interests, their invincible family affection, their pathetic contentment with the meagre portion of enjoyment and satisfaction that life at its best contains for their class. To read these moving confessions of trial and endurance is to be strengthened in the conviction that the south of England will never make a revolution. And yet, as Sir Herbert Llewellyn-Smith reminds us, the submerged in the County of London, those existing below a poverty-line determined by the very low standard of 1900, number not less than 500,000. S. K. RATCLIFFE

SHORTER NOTICES

Unknown Buckinghamshire. By DONALD MAXWELL. *Lane.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It seems daring to have dubbed any English county "unknown"; yet he will be familiar indeed with Bucks who does not find again and again that Mr. Maxwell is picturing or describing some by-way of the shire that will hitherto have been unknown to him. Mr. Maxwell opens with an interview with the skipper of a canal boat, for he proposed to enter Bucks by water; and lost in the maze of streams by Iver, was soon uncertain whether to label his sketches as views in Middlesex or in Bucks. Mr. Maxwell writes agreeably of his travels with an eye for the picturesque whether in scene or story, and his study of the landscape is pleasantly spiced with its history. The book is profusely illustrated with water-colour and pen drawings.

Week-end Competitions

No. 279

Set by Allan M. Laing

Judging by some recent Reports, competitors are feeling the heat and seem disinclined to scale the loftier cerebral heights. I wonder if they will find writing nonsense verse less exhausting? At all events, a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half-a-Guinea are offered for the most amusing set of Nonsense Verses in not more than twenty-four lines. No set subject is insisted upon, but perhaps it will be found appropriate to regard holidays or the weather as a nucleus for the nonsense submitted.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 26.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 277

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The modern slogan is to the great manufacturer what the old heraldic motto was to the knight of chivalry. Compare "Truth Prevails" or "Ich Dien" with the K.L.G. Plug's "Fit and Forget," or "Guinness is Good for You." Why should not this practice be extended to authors? I suggest that suitable slogans should be found for six of the following writers: Shaw; Jeans; Freud; Byron; Browning; Henry James; Oscar Wilde; Hemingway; Marx; Dr. Johnson; Proust; J. J. Rousseau; Kipling and Mrs. Beeton.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

This proved to be a popular competition, and the standard of wit achieved by most competitors was very high. On the other hand, wit was not the only requirement. It was not sufficient to be sardonic or funny at the expense of the celebrated; the demand was also for a possible if improbable slogan, and mockery, however skilful, had in the final count to be given bad marks. Heavy penalties had to be awarded against those competitors who made the usual variations of the "You can be sure of Shaw" joke because, although it may be a good slogan, it is a bad chestnut. Exception is to be made of Mr. John Rotton's "You can be sure of hell." Mrs. Beeton and Kipling drew some of the best shots. Here are some of the Kiplings:

Kipling for Guts and Gusto (E. D. Prudhoe).
The sunrise can't be wrong (P. J. Packer).
Hands across the sea—By Gawd (Alan R. Thomas).
The Big Noise for Old Boys (Allan M. Laing).
An Empire a day keeps the Eurasian gay (Anthony Butts).

The optimism of Browning on the other hand seemed less congenial to advertisement but was a gift to the malicious. There was Mr. Laing's

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FIRST PRIZE (1)

Freud: Don'ts for Dreamers.
Henry James: Caviare to the Particular.
Oscar Wilde: Wilde and Witty.
J. J. Rousseau: Liberty, Equality, Paternity.
Kipling: King of Kimperialists.
Mrs. Beeton: The Book of the Munch.

E. JENKINS

FIRST PRIZE (2)

1. Shaw Shoots Shams!
2. Expand your Universe with Jeans!
3. Don't be afraid, Man! Be a Freud-man!
4. Faith drowning? Stow it! Here's Browning, Poet.
5. Sahibs! Your Kipling!
6. Good Reading for Good Feeding! (Mrs. Beeton).

PHIZ

SECOND PRIZE

Shaw: Shaw's wit's a sure hit!
Jeans: Know your Universe!
Marx: Marx the March of Time.
Dr. Johnson: "Clear your mind of cant!"
Kipling: Kipling will make a MAN of you!
Mrs. Beeton: Keep on the Beeton track.

DAPHNE SHAW

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 134.—HIS SUBJECT IS YOUR OBJECT

By A. G. STRIPP

At one of the dinners of the Sphinx Club I got into conversation with another member, who told me that he was a master at Kadd's Grammar School, Waringtye.

"What subject do you teach?" I asked.

He appeared to ignore my inquiry, and went on talking about the examinations for the Oxbridge and Camford School Diploma.

"You know the regulations—every candidate must offer five subjects, and only five: English, Mathematics, and any three out of Latin, French, German, History, Geography, Physics and Chemistry, so long as one is Latin or Physics or Chemistry, and at least one is a Language.

"Our organisation of the Examination Forms is rather curious. We present just enough candidates for it to be possible for each of them to take a different selection of the five necessary subjects. There's a Special Class consisting of one representative of each possible selection of Language subjects, and the rest of the candidates are divided into a Latin Class and a Non-Latin Class.

"In the Special Class three candidates this year are taking Physics, and one of the others is taking History as well as French. In this Class also the subjects necessary to bring any candidate's total of subjects up to the requisite five are all different among those taking the same Language, whatever it is. And taking my subject there are three times as many candidates from one Class as from another."

"Ah, that's the answer to my question, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes."

What was his subject?

PROBLEM 132.—FACTUAL.

"A matter of foot-slogging," says one competitor. The simplest line of approach is as follows. Dr. Bottleby and Ernestine have each answered correctly three questions, and in no single case do their answers correspond. It follows that one pair of Dr.-Bottleby-and-Ernestine answers, and one only, are both incorrect. Here is a useful starting point.

There are four sets of answers in all which satisfy the data. These are:

Question	I	II	III	IV
1	5	5	3	3
2	Ventnor	Shanklin	Ryde	Ventnor
3	Singer	Singer	Ford	Ford
4	Brutus	Brutus	Vindex	Brutus
5	Cointreau	Brandy	Brandy	Brandy
6	Bigamy	Fraud	Fraud	Fraud
7	Brittany	Normandy	Como	Madeira

Hence it is not possible to deduce the answers to any of Mary's questions.

PROBLEM 131.—WHOOPEE IN DUDPORE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Dr. H. K. Whalley, 75 Ladbroke Grove, London, W.11.

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Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

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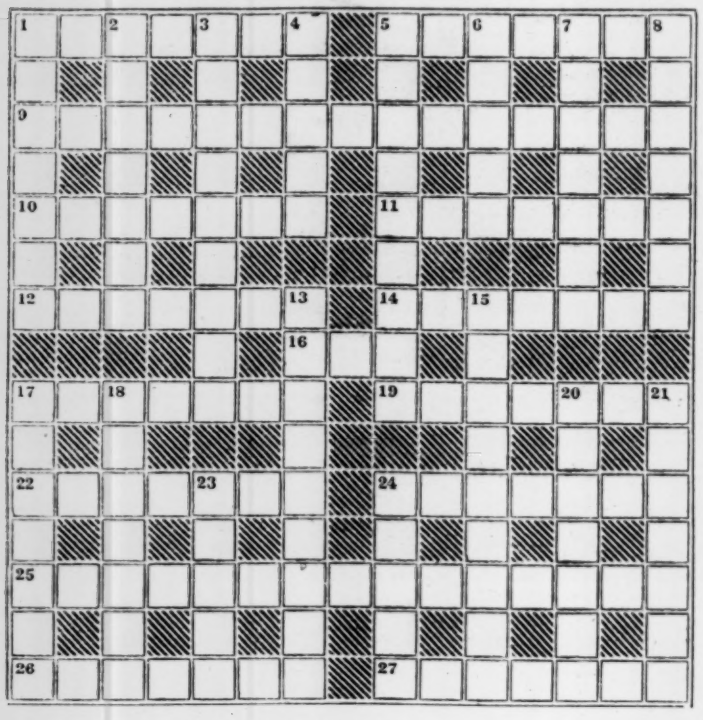

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The last week's winner is
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ACROSS

1. Inquisitor who would make full use of an 18.
5. Decorates the ship?
9. Precise authority in ecclesiastical and poetical terms.
10. Goes one better at least.
11. Nightly sweet for children?
12. Colour of treasure trove perhaps.
14. The post office returns a difficult question.
16. Goes in to win in the sky.
17. Person of doubtful intellect.
19. Always found in crowded company.
22. Space it so that it avoids unhealthy conditions.
24. An excuse often does.
25. Peddling pedlar's silent request.
26. Walker who makes tyres grip.
27. The pothouse tersely chronicles her arrival and departure.

DOWN

1. Two companies musically involved with the I.L.P.
2. How a duet can be left out of the programme.
3. Often has the title of princess.
4. May be spun mechanically or vocally.
5. Volumes in Lloyds library for instance?
6. Outlaw leader who became king.
7. You get to the root of the matter when the motor disintegrates.
8. Usually he isn't but he commonly chooses who shall be the next.
13. Though designed for the ship's board it is not usually taken by the president.
15. Gives a safe descent accidentally speaking.
17. Miss West's upset.
18. Orbit in fact.
20. Future description of things at a shop.
21. An earnest view of the Orient.
23. "Scythian" father on a penny.
24. High altitudes for Danes.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

S	A	S	H	■	P	O	S	T	O	F	F	I	C	E
H	■	A	■	A	■	L	■	I	■	I	■	M	■	A
O	R	P	H	R	E	Y	■	T	O	S	S	P	O	T
R	■	I	■	C	■	M	■	A	■	H	■	A	■	S
T	E	E	T	H	■	P	U	N	T	P	O	L	E	■
B	■	N	■	■	I	■	S	■	O	■	E	■	C	
R	A	T	A	P	L	A	N	■	S	N	I	D	E	R
E	■	■	■	E	■	N	■	G	■	D	■	■	■	O
A	I	R	I	N	G	■	P	A	R	S	N	I	P	S
D	■	A	■	N	■	C	■	M	■	■	■	M	■	S
■	S	T	A	Y	L	A	C	E	■	P	A	P	A	W
S	■	L	■	P	■	M	■	B	■	A	■	R	■	O
N	O	I	S	O	M	E	■	A	N	T	B	E	A	R
A	■	N	■	S	■	R	■	L	■	H	■	S	■	D
G	R	E	A	T	G	A	B	L	E	■	I	S	I	S

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, July 21st, at 11 a.m.: PROF. G. E. G. CATLIN, M.A., PH.D.: "THE POSSIBILITY OF PEACE." Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater. Sunday, July 21st, at 11. MR. H. J. BLACKHAM: PRISONS BEFORE PARSONS. 7. MR. H. S. POLAK: INDIA AND THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, July 21st, at 6.30 p.m. REV. DOROTHY WILSON, B.A., B.Litt.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

THE NEW GOVERNMENT LOAN—ITS TERMS COMPARED—STABILISATION TALK—CABLES INVESTMENT TRUST ANALYSED—V.O.C.

THE terms and timing of a new Government loan are always intriguing. The subscriptions to the £32 millions London Electric Transport Finance Corporation 2½ per cent. debenture stock, 1950/55, guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Treasury, are spread comfortably over a long period—5 per cent. on application, 12 per cent. on July 30th, 15 per cent. on September 12th, November 1st, and December 19th respectively and the balance of 35 per cent. on January 20th—but why did the Treasury issue the whole amount immediately if the bulk of the money is not required until next year? Do My Lords consider that we have passed the peak of the gilt-edged market and that interest rates from now onwards will rise rather than fall? Have they given up all hope of converting 3 per cent. Local Loans? Questions of this lugubrious order are being asked by the pessimists and funks. For my part I rely upon Mr. Neville Chamberlain's constitutional incapacity for quick thinking. It is most unlikely that he could have changed his mind in the three months following the Budget speech in which he expressed his faith in the continuance of cheap money. Political rather than monetary considerations, I should guess, have decided the time of issue. Abroad—there may be war in Abyssinia in late September with unknown European complications. At home—there is need to convince the electorate (which will be voting not later than February or March next year) that the Government is not afraid of spending money in millions to relieve unemployment and that it can out-hustle Mr. Lloyd George when the necessity arises. The Government realises that it cannot fight even a Jubilee general election on faith in cheap money without public works.

* * *

The terms of the new issue were cleverly arranged to ensure subscription to the loan without subscription to the idea of permanently cheap or cheaper money. Two-and-a-half per cent. at 97, 1950/55, was short to medium-dated and compared favourably with other short to medium-dated loans, as the following table will show:—

	Price. 17th July.	Yield %. Flat.	Gross Redemption.
London Electric Transport Finance Corporation 2½%, 1950/55	97*	£2 11 9	£2 14 0
Conversion 2½%, 1944/49 ..	101⅞	2 9 3	2 7 0
Conversion 3%, 1948/53 ..	106¼	2 17 0	2 10 0
Funding 3%, 1959/69	104⅜	2 17 9	2 15 6
African Railway Finance 2% Gtd. Debenture Stock, 1948/51†	100⅛	2 0 0	1 19 9

* Price of issue. † Guaranteed by Treasury under Trades Facilities Acts. First dividend £1 1s. on March 15th, 1936. Price free of stamp.

The Conversion 2½ per cent. Loan was standing at 102¼ before the new Transport Finance issue was announced. There was immediately a rush to sell this relatively dear stock and subscribe for the new loan.

* * *

The adherents of the Sound Currency Association obtain an inordinate amount of publicity in the press. What is wanted is a Sane Money Association to put the practical, realist view before the public. Sir Arthur Salter made a plea in last week's *Economist* for temporary stabilisation by a concerted use of exchange equalisation funds by the United States, Great Britain and France, that is to say, a joint pegging of the exchange rates around their present levels. Each country, he suggests, might undertake to support the threatened currency by buying and holding it without immediate conversion into gold, up to a defined amount, or the Bank of International Settlements might be entrusted with a central equalisation fund contributed to by all the signatories. Sir Arthur could not have discussed this scheme with his French friends, for it would be considered quite worthless in Paris. Professor Charles Rist in the current issue of *Lloyds Bank Review* writes: "We must not forget that any provisional stabilisation of currencies, where the parties concerned were free to modify the stabilisation, would have no abiding result since it would permit the existing uncertainty to continue." Obviously, the American Treasury cannot tie its hands at this stage of the political fight between President and Congress. And the European gold currencies are just as unstable. There is a "black" bourse in Italy in which the foreign exchange rates are about 15 per cent. to 16 per cent. above the official pegged rates. An autumn war in Abyssinia will surely precipitate the lira crisis. The International Economic Conference at Antwerp last week expressed the sane money view—devalue the gold bloc and peg the depreciated exchanges simultaneously.

* * *

In order to repay £6,450,000 of its 5½ per cent. preference stock, Cable and Wireless (Holding) Ltd. has sold £7,000,000 worth of investments yielding 4½ per cent. gross to a new company called Cables Investment Trust, and is subscribing for half (£1,000,000) the Trust's ordinary share capital. This Trust offered to the public this week £3,000,000 3½ per cent. redeemable debenture stock at 99 and 200,000 4½ per cent. redeemable preference shares of £10 at £10¼—its ordinary shares (200,000 shares of £10) will be acquired jointly and equally by Cable and Wireless (Holding) and Globe Telegraph Trust at a price of £10 17s. The preliminary expenses of the Trust will be £170,000 and the directors' fees £5,000 a year free of tax. At first sight this seems to be an expensive way of repaying the preference stock of Cable and Wireless (Holding) especially when that company holds £5,891,000 (market value) of British Government stocks yielding about 3 per cent. But could it have been done otherwise? The debenture holders of the old cable companies would have objected strongly to the sale of the gilt-edged stocks which provide their security. And it would not have been practicable to sell £7,000,000 worth of non-gilt-edged investments immediately in the market. Cable and Wireless (Holding) Ltd. is surrendering an income of £315,000 per annum and relieving itself of a potential obligation of £354,750 in 5½ per cent. preference dividends or an immediate obligation of £266,062 on last year's dividend of 4⅛ per cent. Last year's earnings of 4.72 per cent. on the old preference stock are equivalent to 4.94 per cent. on the new reduced stock, after allowing for the loss of income on the securities sold, but after crediting the extra dividend on the new holding of £1,000,000 Trust ordinary stock which will earn 4.84 per cent. Taking into account the improvement in traffics this year, and the further savings to be made in expenditures, it seems likely that the reduced preference stock of Cable and Wireless (Holding) will be earning over 5½ per cent. in 1936.

* * *

This ingenious scheme has to some extent changed the status of Cable and Wireless (Holding) preference stock. I had previously described this Company as a well-managed investment trust with a promising side-show interest in communications. An exaggeration perhaps, but its income last year came 52½ per cent. from investments and 47½ per cent. from communications. On the new preference stock the earnings will come—without allowing for any increase in traffics—61½ per cent. from communications and 38½ per cent. from investments. Thus, the new Cable and Wireless (Holding) 5½ per cent. preference will be a more speculative stock, yielding at 101¾ £4 1s. per cent. on the 1934 dividend of 4⅛ per cent. and a potential £5 8s. per cent. on the maximum dividend of 5½ per cent. which may be fully earned by 1936. By comparison the preference stock of the new Cables Investment Trust will be much safer and more solid. Its 4½ per cent. dividends will be covered 1½ times by income from sound investments (45 per cent. being bonds and debentures). At 10¼ this Trust's £10 preference shares to yield £4 8s. per cent. should be an excellent holding.

* * *

The Venezuelan Oil Concessions has returned £2,329,124 of capital to its shareholders. It has raised this money presumably by selling so much of its British Government securities. Assuming that 3 per cent. gross had previously been received on the securities sold, the 1934 earnings of 9.7 per cent. on the old capital would be equivalent to 13.05 per cent. on the new reduced capital. The new 13s. 4d. shares are quoted at 2⅛ to yield only £4 1s. 9d. per cent. on this rate of earnings. Has the market forgotten that the shares are of 13s. 4d. par value? The 1934 dividends of 11⅛ per cent. are equivalent to 16⅞ per cent. on the new reduced capital allowing for the loss of income from the gilt-edged securities sold, but I doubt whether this rate of dividend can be maintained. Even if an increase in output (production of crude oil this year is 5.8 per cent. up) enables 15 per cent. to be paid the dividend yield of the 13s. 4d. shares at 2⅛ is only 4.7 per cent. Seeing that a political risk as well as an oily one attaches to Venezuelan Oil Concessions shares, I would prefer Shell Trading Transport ordinary shares at 3 9/16 to yield 4.53 per cent. gross on dividends of 12½ per cent. free of tax.

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CORNWALL. Detached Bungalow. Two miles sea. Newly built. Bath, h. and c., sleep six. Available Sept. and onwards. PARKER, New England, Hitchin, Herts.

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BOURNEMOUTH, Loughtonhurst. West Cliff Gdns. Entirely vegetarian. H. & C. ALL bedrooms. Write MANAGER for inclusive Tariff.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

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HARROGATE. The Little Guest House, 7 St. Mark's Avenue. Constant hot water. Quiet, moderate.

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DRIVE YOUR CAR (if 9 h.p. or over), TOW OUR CARAVAN (5½ cwt., "Rice" 2-berth long folder). Take your wife (or other good cook), Pitch (5 mins. work) within earshot of the curlew, bittern, goldemot or raven. Partics. CLAYGATE MOTORS, Hare Lane, Claygate, Surrey. Esher 395.

ON the Severn near Shrewsbury, the MYTTON AND MERMAID HOTEL, Atcham, offers distinguished entertainment to those *en route* for Portmeirion.

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HOLIDAYS IN ITALY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. Young people received in modern home on Lago di Garda. Swimming, rowing, games, trips to the Alps and to the North Italian cities (Verona, Venice, etc.). Excellent food. Informal courses on Italian art and culture, and discussion classes on current European problems. Four weeks for 600 lire.
For personal reference, write to: THE HEADMASTER, The School, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon. For further particulars, write to FRAU ALICE JACOBI, Gardone Riviera, Via Ronciglio 103, Italy.

SWISS holiday away from hotels. Party of 3–5 can be accommodated for July and August in chalet 5,400ft. above sea-level, magnificent scenery. Apply MLLE. DANUSER, La Forclaz, d'Hérens, Valais; or MRS. BARLOW, Boswells, Wendover.

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CONFERENCES

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For the FOURTH SUCCESSIVE YEAR the Federation of Progressive Societies has arranged for the usual week at the Chateau de Bures, Villennes, S. et. O. The Chateau is about 23 miles from Paris, with beautiful grounds and amid delightful walking country.
With emphasis on the holiday rather than the conference aspect, the programme includes lectures, discussions, sun-bathing, bathing, tennis, and excursions. There are no stupid restrictions.
The cost is approximately 275 francs from Saturday evening 3rd to Saturday morning 10th August. (F.P.S.I. members, 250 francs). Reduction if the party number 50 or over. Those wishing to travel with the party by the 10.05 from Victoria on Saturday morning, 3rd August, can have seats reserved and tickets to Paris obtained (third throughout) for £2 15s. 2d. Passports are required.
Applications should be sent immediately to HUGH LEAKEY, B.A., Hon. Sec., F.P.S.I., 475, Oxford Street, W.1, accompanied by a deposit of £1, and, in the case of those travelling with the party, an additional £2 15s. 2d. Transfer to a better class, can, if desired, be made on the boat.

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WILTSHIRE, 4-roomed Cottage, to let furnished, bath, E.L. Elsan sanitation. 2 beds. 4 miles Swindon, 34 Oxford, on 'bus route, near church and shops. Rent, 12s. 6d. weekly for let of six months or longer. Available from August 17th. Box 837, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BERTRAND RUSSELL wishes to let UNFURNISHED six-roomed cottage on South Downs (600ft.). Sheltered position with fine views. Suitable week-end and holiday house for people with car. Garage available. London, 60 miles. Electric light. No rates. Rent, £1 a week. Apply MISS SPENCE, Telegraph House, Harting, Petersfield.

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ATTRACTIVE Guest House in quiet square, close Earl's Court Underground. Divan rooms newly furnished. Single or double, some with private bath. Complete service available. C.H.W., 25s. to 42s 63 Earl's Court Square, S.W.5. Flaxman 6979.

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HAMPSTEAD. Furnd. double room, piano, use kit., 23s. to 25s., also smaller 14s. 6d. 22 Belsize Avenue.

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MISCELLANEOUS

GROUP Settlement Overseas. Advertiser seeks information thereon, and asks those interested to write. Box 839, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.2.

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